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In the Olden Time

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE DESCENDANTS

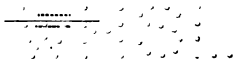
OF

✧ John ✧ Murray ✧

THE GOOD

With Memories of More Recent Date

by Sarah S. Murray



NEW YORK
PRESS OF STETTINER, LAMBERT & CO.
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1894

To my
Great-Nephews and Great-Nieces
I dedicate
This brief record of a worthy ancestry
Sarah S. Murray

In the Olden Time.

THE Murrays of Perthshire are of pure Scotch extraction. Their origin is lost in the dim twilight of the early history of that land. Our first acquaintance with them is in the event of certain members of the family taking an active part in the wars consequent upon the "Pretender's" claims, and, as result of a stanch adherence to his fortunes, they suffered heavily.

John Murray, familiarly known as "the Good," gentleman of the Clan Athol, a Presbyterian by birth, when a young man of twenty-three determined to remove to America, and make an effort under new conditions to retrieve his shattered fortune.

In 1722, disposing of what property remained to him, with his wife and little daughter Elizabeth, for reasons unknown, he crossed into Ireland, and at Armagh a boy was born to them, named for his grandfather, Robert. The familiar sobriquet of "the little Irishman" clung to the lad for many years. The year following the family came to

America and settled at Swetara, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Robert was a youth of somewhat uncommon parts. With great energy of character he combined remarkable persistency of purpose, and these, influenced by a judgment beyond his years, enabled him at an early age to establish himself in independent business. He purchased a large mill interest, in which concern he continued some years, making frequent voyages to the West Indies—an undertaking involving much more time and risk, than in these days of perfected navigation.

In 1744 he married Miss Mary Lindley, the descendant of an English family who had removed to this country some years before and had settled in Philadelphia; her mother was a Desbrough. She had one brother, James, whose daughter married Mr. Murray's brother John. The coat of arms of the Lindley family bears seven Maltese crosses, indicating that a remote ancestor had fought in the Holy Land in seven battles of the Crusades. This lady was a member of the Society of Friends, with which denomination Mr. Murray also united. She was an amiable person, of very liberal views, which were quite unbiassed by her husband's ardent partisanship. Soon after their marriage they removed temporarily to North Carolina, but returned North in 1753, settling in the city of New York, where Mr. Murray became eventually one of its most

prominent citizens, distinguished alike as a merchant and a man. Scoville says in 1769: "He owned more tons of shipping than any merchant in America." His business firm was Murray & Sansom, until a younger brother John was entered as a partner, when it was changed to Murray, Sansom & Co. Sansom resided in England. Mr. Murray's wharf property at Coffee House Slip and Wall street is still held by the family. But shortly before this period a wall or palisade ran a little north of the line of this street. This was originally erected for defence against the Indians, but in 1653 was strengthened at a time of great excitement from a threatened attack by the aggressive New-Englanders, for whom the Dutchman entertained some contempt mingled with considerable fear.

At the foot of Wall street in 1711, and up to the time that Mr. Murray purchased the property, stood the Market House, where "all negro slaves that are let out to hire within the city do take up their standing, in order to be hired, at the Market House at the Wall street Slip." The market was largely supplied with this commodity by one John Cruger, who voyaged between New York and Madagascar, in the ship *Prophet Daniel*, "for the purchase of live freight."

Perhaps thirty years later we read that Washington, having been elected President, set out for New York, the seat of government, and "approached

the landing place of Murray's Wharf amid the roaring of cannon and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head."

Mr. Murray's city residence was in that part of Pearl street formerly known as Queen street, and within a short distance of the Government House on or near the Battery, around which the houses of the wealthiest merchants clustered. The first fort built by the Dutch, known as Fort Amsterdam, was near this point, probably the original site of the buildings now occupied by the Commissioners of Emigration. It has known various transitions, from a simple barricade against the Indians to a notable stronghold of the Revolution, and lastly a reception house for the thousands who emigrate to these shores yearly.

Mr. Murray's country home was situated on that beautiful rising ground known as "Murray Hill," then called Belmont. This "Farm," as originally held under a lease "granted by the Mayor, Aldermen, and commonalty of the City of New York," formed a part of the common lands belonging to the municipality, and was known as "Incleuberg." It was bounded upon the west by the Middle Road, and upon the east by the Kingsbridge Road. On the south flowed a considerable stream which discharged its waters into the East River at 18th street. The house was a spacious, square-built mansion, with broad verandas extending around

three sides ; a wide hall divided the building, and upon this opened a number of large apartments. It faced the Kingsbridge Road, its front windows commanding a fine view of the waters of Kip's Bay and the East River. Trees of great beauty shaded the lawn, which sloped gently toward the west, while a magnificent avenue of elms lined the broad approach to the house. The property ran down to the present Madison Square.

In this lovely home Mr. Murray entertained at various times almost every foreigner of distinction who came to the American shores, and it was rare for such to visit New York without letters of introduction to him. As an instance of the festivities there enjoyed, we quote from a letter from a young cousin who was one of the guests : "A fête champêtre, a grand public breakfast given by Mr. and Mrs. Murray in honor of the Tunisian Ambassador. The company consisted of nearly thirty people, all decked out in their imposing robes. The tables dispersed with exquisite taste through the spacious hall of Murray Hill. The ornaments were vases, flowers, etc., etc. Six rooms were open to receive the guests, and mirth and pleasure echoed through the hall. I wish you could have seen him. His face is handsome, and he wears a beard of about eight or nine inches long. A turban on his head, and a kind of silk jacket embroidered in gold. But could you have seen his small-clothes you would

have screamed ; they looked like a couple of sheets twisted round each leg, and hung in large and graceful folds on each side, and over all he wore a dark blue robe richly embroidered in gold." This letter was of some years' later date than the events immediately succeeding.

Partially to afford an easy conveyance for an invalid son, and possibly to gratify a pride which sometimes intrudes unbidden, Mr. Murray imported from England a coach, the first used in the city. His example was followed by three other citizens, of whom Cadwallader Colden, the last colonial governor, was one. This gentleman's great-granddaughter married Mr. Murray's grandson, Robert I. Murray.

The New-Yorkers were greatly averse to this innovation, and spoke of it openly as an evidence of aristocratic pride ; nor were they in the least mollified by Mr. Murray's effort to soften their wounded feelings by calling his coach his "Leathern Conveniency."

Governor Colden had "acquired considerable odium by recommending to Government the taxation of the colonies, and other Tory measures. Seeing that a popular storm was arising, he retired into a fort, taking with him the stamp papers, and garrisoned it with marines from a ship of war. The mob broke into his stable, drew out his chariot, put his effigy into it, paraded it through the streets to

'The Fields'—now the City Hall Park—where they hung it on a gallows. In the evening it was taken down, put again into the chariot with the devil for a companion, and escorted back by torchlight to the 'Common'—now the Bowling Green—where the whole pageant, carriage and all, was burned under the very guns of the Fort."

This was announced to him by his grandson and adopted son, Gilbert Colden Willett, who afterward married Mr. Murray's youngest daughter, Susan. As a lad he naturally took a great interest in these events. "Well, Gillie," said grandpa, as the boy rushed in, full of excitement, "what have they been doing now?" "Broke into your stables, grandfather, and burnt your coach." We are not told the reply, only the gentleman sent in a big bill for it when the trouble was over, and for some time Cadwallader Colden had to walk in state. He was an old gentleman of eighty-six at this time, and doubtless he kept the congregation waiting on Sunday morning at St. Paul's, where it was the custom not to begin the services until the Governor was comfortably seated in his armorially emblazoned pew.

A curious fragment of those days is the following bill for the "light coach," or "Leathern Conve-
niency":

	£	s.	d.
Body.....	18	0	0
Carriage.....	17	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Iron work and springs.....	44	0	0
Painting body and carriage.....	12	0	0
Steps and fixtures	4	0	0
Six yards of cloth.....	9	2	0
Eighteen yards of broad lace.....	3	12	0
Forty yards common lace.....	2	0	0
Five tassels.....	12	0	0
Hair tacks, worsted tuftings, tow cloths and buttons for cushions.....	3	0	0
Carpet for bottom, and leather for sides and steps.....	3	0	0
Three glasses and frames.....	3	6	0
Ten yards of Russia sheeting.....	2	0	0
Eleven yards of bombazel.....	2	15	0
Three dozen knobs.....	9	0	
Two rolls for glass string, two foot mats and staples.....	12	0	
Two braces to hang the body on.....	4	0	0
Pole piece and swivel-tree straps.....	3	4	0
A set of wheels and boxing	7	0	0
Total.....	£153	14	0

This would be rather more than \$700 of our currency; and as money in those days was much more scarce and represented larger returns, it must be owned that the "Leathern Conveniency" was rather an expensive luxury.

In 1767 Mr. Murray sailed for England on business of importance which made his presence there at that time very expedient. For many years he had been considerably indisposed. At the best his

constitution was but delicate. The climate of England, however, proved very beneficial, and he concluded to reside there for some years at least. He sent for his wife, his son John, and three daughters—his son Lindley was with him—and in the autumn of 1768 they joined him, and the family settled in a very large, old-fashioned mansion at Tottenham, near London.

Mary, the eldest daughter, was an extremely bright, independent girl of eighteen, inheriting considerable of her father's determination of character. She had engaged herself to Mr. I. B. Barnett, a youth of respectable family, young and handsome, but in no settled business and of unsteady habits. Her father had positively forbidden the connection. After he sailed for England she availed herself of some relaxation of the rigorous supervision, to marry without her mother's knowledge or consent. On the occasion of this event Mr. Barnett thus addresses his naturally indignant father-in-law :

NEW YORK, May, 1768.

Respected Sir :

In my present circumstances perhaps I should have remained silent, were I not convinced I had the happiness of addressing a gentleman ready to attend with candor and forgive an error flowing from the imbecility of youth. I entertained the warmest and the purest affection for your amiable daughter—an affection I glory in, for who could be a juster object of love than one adorned with the united graces of beauty, understanding, and virtue? But though my affection was vio-

lent, it was my intention to enter into no engagement without the approbation of her esteemed and honored parents.

Believe me, sir, such was the respect I entertained for your family, that I believed myself possessed of sufficient fortitude to sacrifice my own happiness for that of persons I so much esteemed. Why, then, you will ask, did you not adhere to this resolution? Attend, respected sir, with clemency, and though you cannot approve, yet from your experience of human nature you cannot but forgive. Your daughter was preparing for Europe—your daughter in whom my felicity was centred. She is about to be torn from me for a distant clime, perhaps never to return, perhaps to fall a victim to the storm; or, if she should return, she will be lost to me, and I lost to happiness. I entreat you, sir, by the soft breathings of benevolence, to reflect what must be the anxiety of a soul in such a situation. I confess our behavior, to the eye of cool reason, will appear rash and untimely; but your forgiveness, sir, I cannot but hope of receiving when I sincerely express my sorrow for any or the least uneasiness I have given your family, and solicit your pardon for violating the deference due to parental authority. Be assured, that although I have been the cause of some uneasiness to your family, I hope by attention to your wishes to erase, if possible, any unfavorable impressions. I flatter myself that my general character has been that of a gentleman, and I shall endeavor, by my future conduct to merit your approbation and prove myself worthy of an alliance with your respected family. Be not then, compassionate sir, severe to mark what is done amiss, but extend your favor to one who assures you it shall be his ambition to deserve the character of your son and humble servant,

I. B. BARNETT.

The order to accompany the family abroad was a bitter blow to the newly wedded girl, but the

parent's commands were inexorable. The meeting between father and child was far from cordial. The daughter tried to justify her course, but the offended and imperious parent refused to be reconciled unless she would consent to a permanent separation from her husband. This the high-spirited girl refused to do and implored the privilege of returning home.

While in England Mr. Barnett writes thus quaintly and effusively to his wife :

In vain do I seek for comfort and repose, most amiable partner of my soul, when deprived of thee. I fly to every spot once our resort, but they yield me no happiness. I am at my parents' with your Aunt Lindley, Aunt Murray, Mrs. Kissam, and Mrs. Scott. But their conversation cannot restore that cheerfulness which once crowned my bosom.

Alas! every event at this place tends to recall the memory of those bewitching moments we here enjoyed, and tears my soul with anguish. O my dear Mary! to what higher eminence of felicity can a mortal be exalted than to participate in the affection of one so pure, so disinterested, so singular in virtue, so superior in all those graces that entrance the heart and sweeten the bitter cup of life? Then how wretched his situation who finds the fountain of his felicity clouded in a moment, and the lovely partner of his joys torn from his bosom almost before he could call her his.

My parents, discerning my melancholy, thus accosted me: "How could we, my son, think of letting that dear girl suffer so much, and you the cause of it all? Could you but bear the whole, it might be well." But let me not forget you had injured parents to appease. You went, and I could not but

applaud your virtue, though my heart bleeds at the trial. Oh! that I could step in between your peace and your father's displeasure.

If you have the least dissatisfaction with your present situation, or a wish to return here, signify it with the greatest celerity, that I may with equal haste fly to you and attend your return or remain with you. How can I be contented, or even patient, without you? The sun is not more necessary to the fertility of the earth, nor balmy sleep to the laborer, than you, sweet consort, are to my felicity. When will the day arrive when I shall hear through your own hands that you are well, that you are happy, that you are reconciled? When will the happy day arrive when I can clasp you in my arms to part no more? Then, indeed, will my felicity be complete.

Heaven crown the pleasing prospect, and bounteously accomplish the earnest breathings of

Your ever loving

I. B. BARNETT.

After two years' enforced absence, the mother, sympathizing with her child's wretched life, obtained consent for her to return to America. After this event she writes the following sensible letter to her young daughter :

My dear Child:

Thy letter afforded me great consolation. None but those in my situation can possibly experience the anxiety of a parent's heart. Alas! the distance and long separation from our beloved family have caused me many tears of affection.

At present we see nothing to prevent our leaving England next spring. Had it not been for this repeated expectation of leaving, I should have sent for thee and thy husband, as I

cannot bear the thought of thy residing with parents-in-law, although ever so indulgent and kind. I know various disagreeable circumstances must attend it. Yet I hope, my dear Mary, every prudent step will be taken on thy part to avoid offence. We must, if we expect to be happy, consult the powers of reason in all our actions, and let them rule our passions. I know kind Nature has given thee a good understanding, and it is the earnest breathing of my heart that thou may improve the talents which the Father of Mercies has so plentifully bestowed upon thee. We, thy parents, have always been tenderly interested in thy welfare ; and although thou did inadvertently dispose of thyself in a manner that has greatly concerned us, yet I consider it the result of a strong passion, and youthful inexperience in an unguarded hour.

I am convinced thy tender heart has often been pierced with sorrow in the hour of serious reflection, that thou had been the cause of giving thy parents pain. I have no intention, dear child, of causing thee pain by these remarks, as I have as great an affection for thee as ever, and do believe that, notwithstanding this deviation, thou will still be a comfort to us. But I could wish to see our son Barnett more attentive in writing frequently. Give him my love, and respects to your parents. And now, my dear child, I leave thee under the protecting care of divine Goodness, and am, with all the tenderness of an affectionate mother, greatly desirous of seeing thy face once more. Thy father's love to thee, with thy brothers' and sisters' also.

Farewell once more, my dear daughter.

MARY MURRAY.

It is questionable whether Mrs. Barnett gained much by the change. Mr. Barnett's habits of dissipation increased, and he died young, leaving his wife a widow at twenty-eight. Her mother died

shortly before this event, and in consequence of Mrs. Barnett's persistence in refusing to separate from her husband, her father refused to extend to her any cordiality, even carrying his displeasure so far as to leave her an inconsiderable portion of his estate. A part of this continued estrangement was undoubtedly owing to the girl's unwillingness to make any concession whatever.

Shortly after her husband's death she went to Flushing to live, and there married Mr. Edward Willett. He lived eight years, when she was again left a widow. After this she removed to New York, and later to Cornwall, where she died very suddenly at the age of fifty.

To return to the family in England. They remained there eight years, returning to New York in 1775, Mr. Murray but slightly improved by his residence abroad. He found his country in the heat of her young rebellion against English rule. As he was well known to the British as a loyal man, it was hoped that his presence might have a wholesome effect in New York, where many of the most daring republicans resided, although the city was generally well affected to the British.

But, notwithstanding the strength of Mr. Murray's principles and the persistence with which he enforced them, his family, with possibly the exception of his son Lindley, secretly favored the patriot cause. An opportunity offered to test these

principles and do their country good service. Mr. Murray was away fortunately, or it is most probable the plan would never have been carried to a successful issue.

After losing the battle of Brooklyn Heights, Washington, under cover of a dense fog which wrapped everything in mystery, at midnight of the 29th of August, 1776, withdrew the remnant of his forces, and, unperceived by the British, crossed over to New York in safety, carrying everything with him but the heavy cannon. As the fog rolled away the last boat load landed in New York, and the enemy gazed in astonishment on a deserted camp. Howe, who was sure of his prey, was sorely mortified. It was evident, however, that they could not hold out against the British, and Washington reluctantly determined to abandon the city to its fate. The stores were mostly removed across the Harlem River, a small force stationed at Kingsbridge, and Putnam was left in the city with four thousand men. Washington withdrew with the main body of the army to Harlem Heights.

“After his retreat from the city, Washington first fixed his quarters at the house of Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, whence he issued his instructions to Nathan Hale, and where he was on the day preceding the landing of Howe.”*

It was probably in the same drawing room where

* Mary F. Booth's "History of New York."

André had often been, and was yet to be, that the secret instructions were given which were to result only in detection and an ignominious death. Here it was he nerved himself to face a distasteful duty for his country, which André was afterward to do for his king. Here they stand side by side in the perspective of history, as their fates are coupled in the sad record of war. But note that André died saying: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." Hale died saying: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Washington did not linger here, but went on to the Morris mansion on Harlem Heights, and the next day, there being no doubt about the intentions of the British, he sent orders to Putnam, whose headquarters were at No. 1 Broadway, to gather what stores could be most easily obtained, and march at once north by the Middle Road, later known as the Bloomingdale Road. It was a forced march, on a very sultry day, and amid clouds of dust, his army encumbered with women and children and all kinds of baggage. There was no darker period in the history of the war than this.

Learning through his scouts of the intended flight of the rebels, Gen. Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, with Clinton and Tryon, crossed the East River at Kip's Bay with four thousand men, intending to intercept them. This could have

been done, as he had quite the advance. He struck the Kingsbridge Road, and was pushing on rapidly when an unexpected event occurred. Just where the road touched the hedges of the Murray gardens, stood Mrs. Murray and her two young daughters, waiting to greet the gallant general. Intelligence had reached them of their approach, as well as of the intended evacuation of New York, and the good lady, whose heart warmed toward the patriot cause, hastily devised an expedient by which she hoped to defeat the plans of the Briton.

She hastily despatched a maid into the cupola of the house, with orders to report, by a concerted signal, on the progress of Putnam. It was a season of extreme drought, and this could easily be followed by one thus placed, by the dense clouds of dust which arose above the trees which formed an effectual barrier between the flying general and his foes. From an upper window Mrs. Murray watched Gen. Howe in his rapid advance, and at what she believed the happy moment, bravely confronted the chief.

Supposing her the bearer of what might prove important tidings, he quickly doffed his cap, and, reining in his powerful horse until he almost brought him upon his haunches, inquired: "Can you tell me, Mrs. Murray, what road that rascal Putnam has taken?" Waiving the question, she courteously invited him to dismount and partake of some refreshments which were temptingly dis-

played by an attendant. How well she knew the access to an Englishman's heart ! "But, madam," he exclaimed, "I must be after that rebel Putnam and his men." "Thou art late, William Howe," said the graceful Quaker mother. "Putnam is now beyond thy reach. Alight and enter."

Not a quiver betrayed to the royalist the anxiety of her heart, or the smothered conscience that rebelled at the strain upon its integrity, for on raising her eyes she failed to see the white kerchief displayed from the cupola, the signal that the Federal forces had passed. Still, she believed that the exigency of the moment warranted her course, and fearlessly she played her rôle.

Not for a moment did Lord Howe suspect the lady's motive, for her husband's loyalty was unquestioned. Satisfied that his enemy was beyond his reach, he ordered his officers to dismount. Charmed with the luxury of the cool parlors and the tempting wines so bountifully supplied, the Englishmen loitered for two hours in gay and trivial conversation, bantering their secretly patriotic hostess about the absurd panic of her countrymen, while glorious old Putnam, only a half-mile away, was leading his four thousand men to Harlem, wondering what had become of his enemy, and with no confidence in any safety against a surprise, until he saw the white tents of Washington's encampment. They had been under arms fifteen hours and were

suffering from the effects of fatigue and the excessive heat.

Thatcher in his journal says: "It is a common saying among our officers, that Mrs. Murray saved this part of the American army." This incident is also mentioned by Washington Irving in his "Life of Washington." The romance of Irving's own career was bound up in the subsequent connections of this family, for it was to a Miss Hoffman he was engaged, and to whose dear memory he lived so sadly true all his life.

After the evacuation of New York, the American prisoners there were subjected to great cruelties, "crowded into jails and dungeons like the vilest malefactors, and were represented as pining in cold, in filth, and in hunger. Disease was inevitable, and their prisons became hospitals." Mr. Murray interested himself in earnest efforts to ameliorate the condition of these poor creatures, and used his influence successfully with the royalists, who claimed him as a sympathizer, to effect, if not their release, considerable mitigation of the rigor of their confinement. For this he received the warm thanks of the American sympathizers.

Mrs. Murray continued an earnest patriot, but was greatly respected by the royalists, who visited the house with much freedom, attracted by the charms of the two youngest daughters. She died in the year 1780, six years before her husband.

The benefit Mr. Murray derived from his long residence abroad was only temporary. After his return to America, the cough which had troubled him for more than thirty years increased, accompanied with severe pains in his head and chest, complicated with a serious stomach difficulty. He recognized that his end was near, and thanked his God for complete resignation to the event. Except his son Lindley, his children were all in the house when he died, on the 22d of July, 1786, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, aged sixty-four.

To his son John he gave the wharf property adjoining Burnet's Key, the present foot of Wall street; also his house and lot in Queen street, together with lots in the rear, fronting on Water street. To Beulah the corner lot of ground on the northerly side of Burnet's Key, and easterly side of Wall street, with buildings and appurtenances; also a lot of ground at the corner of Broadway and Murray street, described as being near the Bridewell.

To Susan a parcel of land and lots of ground on Golden Hill (the present site of Gold street, and John and Fulton) and also "the farm on Incleuberg."

To Mary he gave the sum of £1,500, this sum to remain in the hands of his son John, and only the interest to be applied to her support.

The furniture was to be divided between Beulah and Susan. After setting apart several sums for

charitable objects, he left the residue of his estate to his children, Lindley, John, Beulah, and Susan. May 23d, 1786.

ELIZABETH MURRAY,

the oldest child of John Murray "the Good," was born in Scotland, and was but little more than an infant when her parents removed to America. She married, when quite young, Mr. Cunningham and settled somewhere in Pennsylvania. He died and she married again Mr. Wells. He went to England to secure some property, and there died. Mrs. Wells then removed to New York and resided alternately with her two brothers, Robert and John. She was a woman of great strength of mind and purpose. She died in 1806 at quite an advanced age, leaving two sons, Richard and David Cunningham. Richard married Miss Lawrence. He was a man of worth, very charitable and eminently pious, a deacon in the Presbyterian church, and for many years an alderman of the city of New York, when the respectability of that office was of a less questionable character than at present. He accumulated a large property, but left no children to inherit it. David married and died quite young, leaving a large family of children.

Two younger daughters of John Murray married and settled at the South, one in Camden, North Carolina, the other in Savannah, Georgia. Two granddaughters, the Misses Baron, resided in Savannah at the commencement of the Rebellion.

JOHN MURRAY,

the youngest son of John Murray "the Good," came to New York in 1758, and through a period of nearly fifty years, and with great success, conducted an extensive importing and commission business under the name of John Murray & Sons. "He claimed and supported a character unimpeached and unimpeachable, and enjoyed the confidence of the mercantile community. He served as Governor and Treasurer of the New York Hospital almost from its foundation, and for a series of years was President of the Chamber of Commerce, and when in 1806, for the sixth time, he was elected to that office, he declined the appointment. An excellent portrait of him now hangs there. In several crises of our pecuniary affairs, both before and during the war of the Revolution, his financial talents were of important service both to the city and country. In his political views he was a thorough Whig."

He married Miss Hannah Lindley, a niece of his brother Robert's wife. She was a truly Christian lady. "Her habits were simple, her manners courteous and dignified, and in her tongue was the law of kindness—the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's

heart to sing for joy." She survived her husband twenty-seven years, and died May 22d, 1835, at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

The larger part of Mr. Murray's married life he lived on St. John's Square, the residents there forming an exclusive coterie. It is now covered by the ponderous depot of the New York Central. The fine trees which immortalize in the recollection of old New Yorkers this lovely spot, were all set out under his supervision and by his order. It was for his truant visit to this uncle's house that Lindley Murray, the incipient grammarian, was so severely chastised, which event, insignificant as it may seem, moulded his future life.

John Murray died in October, 1808, in his seventy-first year, in the house in which he had so long resided, leaving a very large estate to his seven surviving children, John R., Elizabeth (Giles), Susan (Ogden), George, Mary, Hannah, and Robert Murray.

John R. Murray married in 1806 Miss Rogers, of Baltimore, a sweet, interesting girl. Her paternal estate is now the property of that city, the justly famous Baltimore Park. A cousin thus writes of a visit to the New York home: "I paid the bride's visit to young Mrs. Murray. There was a prodigious crowd. Madame Moreau, the wife of Gen. Moreau of France, who escaped to the United States after the defeat at Waterloo, was there, and wore a long black velvet dress with pearl orna-

ments, looking elegantly." Mr. and Mrs. Murray had two children—John, who married Miss Oliphant, and a daughter, Ellen, a charming girl. She married John P. Crosby, a brother of the Rev. Howard Crosby, and died young, leaving no children.

Susan (Ogden) left three daughters—Susan and Mary, who married respectively their cousins Lindley and Murray Hoffman, the judge; and Harriet, who married Bishop Young, of Florida.

Mary and Hannah never married. George and Robert died young.

Elizabeth Giles lived generally abroad. Her granddaughter has become somewhat notorious through her marriage with the Marquis de Talleyrand Perigord, grandson of the great Talleyrand, and its unfortunate dénouement. He was rather an attractive young man and heir to the very extensive family estates in the north of France, but turned out a profligate of the more refined sort, squandered his wife's money in wild speculation and at the gaming table, and finally, during one of his frequent visits to America, became infatuated with Mrs. Fred. Stephens. The twain went to Paris together, Mrs. Stephens on the plea of health and to educate her two youngest daughters, whom she took with her. Two divorces were obtained, and in 1886 Mrs. Stephens married Perigord, but can only assume the inferior title of the Duchesse de Dino. The first wife retains her title of Marquise de Peri-

gord. She has one daughter, who has married satisfactorily an Italian prince and resides in Italy.

Mrs. Stephens was the only daughter of that estimable man, Mr. Joseph Samson, who at his death left her, it was said, \$11,000,000, which her husband is rapidly squandering.

LINDLEY MURRAY,

oldest son of Robert and Mary Murray, was born in 1745 at Swetara. For some years he gave no promise of bodily or mental vigor, and his mother often said that if Providence had seen fit to remove him she should have considered it a merciful dispensation. But after this period his health gradually improved. At seven he was sent to Philadelphia to school. In after-life he often recalled his delight in reading while there the "Travels of Cyrus," a book somewhat mature for his age. His stay here was brought to a sudden termination by the departure of his parents for North Carolina. A little instance displays the goodness of his heart. Soon after landing he found in the streets a few shillings. Instead of, boy-like, spending them in candies and bon-bons, the little fellow sought out a bakery, and bought fresh bread for the crew of the vessel in which they had sailed.

On the return of the family from North Carolina they went to New York to live, and the boy was again placed at school, but proved an incorrigible truant. When still a youth he was placed in his father's counting house, but young Lindley relished neither the confinement nor the employment.

Among the restrictions with which he was obliged

to comply, was one most galling to his high spirits—he must never leave his home in an evening without the knowledge and approbation of his father. Once, in his absence, he was invited by an uncle to sup at his house. Trusting to the respectability of the company to insure consent, he ventured to break the letter of the injunction. The next morning he was summoned by his father to a private apartment, and in spite of representations and remonstrances, received a severe chastisement, with a threatened repetition for every similar offence.

The high spirit of the lad would not brook the indignity of such treatment, and he determined to leave home and seek elsewhere a better fortune. He procured a new suit of clothes quite different from those in wear, packed up his possessions, with certain money he seemed to have control of, and left the city without a suspicion of his design, until too late to defeat it. He went direct to Burlington, New Jersey, entered himself as a boarder in an excellent classical school, and commenced his studies without an apparent fear as to the consequences of his flight. Inquiries were made as to his whereabouts, but when discovered, he rejected all proposals from his mother to return. His father employed a person to keep a watch over him, and, satisfied he was in no evil way, would hold no communication with him, believing that time would subdue the independence of the boy.

Young Lindley had a friend in Philadelphia with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. By appointment they met at an inn, where the truant told the story of his flight, and was induced to accompany the boy home during a short holiday. As he was about leaving the city on his return to school, he encountered a gentleman who had some time before dined at his father's house. He recognized the lad, and learning that he was about leaving town, begged him to deliver a letter of importance to a business friend in New York. He had just been to the post-office with it, but found the mail was gone, and asked him to hand it to his friend in person. Surprised at the request, and unwilling to state his situation, he engaged to take charge of the letter, although uncertain what was best to be done in the matter. The confidence reposed in him, and the importance of the trust, decided him, after he had driven a few miles, to hire a chaise and go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately.

His intentions were partially carried out, the letter was delivered, but he was obliged, greatly to his discontent, to remain in the city over-night, in consequence of the "packet boat" in which he had crossed the bay not sailing again until the next morning. He went to an inn near the wharf, believing he had conducted his business so secretly that his presence was unknown in the city. Not so.

In the evening he was surprised by a call from an uncle, the same at whose house he had been entertained, urging him strongly to return to his father's house.

But the spirit of the old gentleman was too strong in the son to allow of this concession, and he persistently refused to take one step toward a reconciliation. Finally his uncle represented his mother's distress in so strong a light, and the unkindness of leaving the city without seeing her, that he could not resist the appeal. The mother received the truant boy without a word of reproof, and his father, who entered unexpectedly, met him with so much kindness, that the lad's heart softened, resentment vanished, the past was forgotten, and young Lindley abandoned all idea of leaving a home again which, he says, "seemed dearer to me than ever." A person was sent to his school to explain his sudden departure, settle his accounts, and bring back any property belonging to him.

Warned by experience, and satisfied it was useless to force the boy's taste, perhaps also realizing that the discipline exerted was not judicious, his father provided him with a private tutor, and he pursued his classical studies with avidity until about nineteen years of age, when he began the study of the law. John Jay was for two years his fellow-student in this law office, and continued his warm friend and correspondent through life. He was very

thorough in what he undertook, and what he knew, he knew well. In five years he was called to the bar, and soon commenced business, prosecuting it with success.

Lindley Murray's social, lively temperament led him to engage in many pursuits and amusements which his improved reason and religious sense afterward condemned. But he was never their slave, never corrupt in principle or negligent of the duties of life. His buoyant spirits, his ardent affections, and his superior intellect rendered his society much courted, and gave a high zest to social enjoyment. His profession of the law, and widely extended family connections, naturally led him much into society, but so correct was his conduct that his gay associates not infrequently said, "Murray, you are a spy on us." "I stood," he writes, "on the brink of a precipice, but through Infinite Mercy I was preserved from falling into it."

He was surprisingly athletic, and often tested his physical powers to their utmost. Walking with his brother John one day, without any apparent effort he leaped across Peck Slip, twenty-two feet. It was a foolish act; he fell upon his side, injuring his muscular system in some peculiar way, and in spite of every effort of physicians here and abroad, remained an invalid and a sufferer the remainder of his life. Being thus forced to give up the active

pursuits so especially congenial to him, he devoted himself to literary interests.

November 22d, 1774, he was elected one of a committee of sixty, known as "Committee of Observation," to represent to the English ministry how severely the rash conduct of the army at Boston had injured the cause of the king.

At twenty-two Lindley Murray married, and soon after sailed for England, passing a year with his father's family abroad. At the commencement of the war, all law business being paralyzed, he retired to Islip, Long Island, purchased a pleasure boat, and devoted himself to fishing and gunning, and the indulgence of the literary tastes so congenial to him. At the end of four years, seeing no prospect of a settlement of the difficulties, the British being still in possession of New York City, he returned there, connected himself with his father in business, and about the conclusion of the war had realized a fortune sufficient to warrant his retiring.

He purchased a country seat which he named Bellevue, on the East River, about three miles from the city, which he thus describes: "A noble river a mile in breadth spreads itself before us, and our view extends several miles both up and down. On this grand expanse of water vessels and boats of various descriptions are almost continually sailing. The house is commodious, accommodated with a spacious and elegant piazza sashed with Venetian

blinds. At the back of the mansion is a large garden, and beyond this pleasant and fertile fields which afford pasturage for the cattle."

This is now the site of Bellevue Hospital at the foot of East 26th street, and some of the old trees that shade the grounds may have been planted by his hands.

He had long anticipated this quiet retreat from active life, but was not long permitted to enjoy it. He had a severe illness before removing to Bellevue, which had left him physically depressed. He tried travelling, drinking the waters of certain medicinal springs, some weeks in the mountains of New Jersey, a stay at Bristol, Penn., and Bethlehem, N. J., but all without favorable result.

In 1784, at the urgent advice of an eminent physician, he determined to try the effect of a temporary residence in England. He therefore embarked with his wife the latter part of the same year, reaching Lymington after a voyage of five weeks. After visiting several localities, he finally purchased a home at Holdgate, near York, which united the advantages of town and country, and accorded entirely with the tastes and desires of the owner.

Here Mr. Murray resided forty-two years, engaged in various literary labors, his lameness preventing him from walking, but until 1809 he was able to drive out almost daily. To enter his car-

riage he was obliged to have a board placed from his doorway to the vehicle, as the steps could not be compassed. The neighbors, seeing the erect man treading his way firmly, naturally questioned the need of this contrivance, and in consequence many funny stories were circulated. One which gained considerable credence was, that his hatred of the English was so strong that he had vowed never to tread foot upon their soil. The last time he went out in his carriage was in the autumn of 1809.

The society of the place was choice and congenial. It is doubtful whether he ever entered the grand old Minster, for the good Quaker of those days would never compromise his principles by doffing his hat in any edifice raised by man, such reverence being due to God alone.

His home was large and prettily situated, "the windows on the front looking over the road to the meadows on the banks of the Ouse, and those at the back over the beautiful garden, with its broad gravel walks leading up to the summer house of somewhat classical construction, with glass walls lightly supported by wooden pilasters. Fine cherry trees stood on the lawn around it, and as the westering sun gleamed through their branches and rested on the luxuriant fruit and fragrant beds of flowers, the whole seemed like enchanted ground. Within sat the venerable pair, around whom there seemed to be a halo of repose as they sat side by

side in the cheerful drawing room, through which perpetual sunshine seemed to stream. There was a female servant, a Quaker, Mary Hollingsworth, whose beautiful complexion, happy countenance, and spotless Quaker dress added a charm to the household. One of her duties was to bake large, soft biscuits, and to keep the supply on hand, for any poor who might apply for aid, if not relieved by money—none should be sent empty away.”

Mr. Murray's chief interests were in the “Retreat,” where William Tuke was trying to prove that the insane could be controlled by kindness, and initiate the system which Miss Dix, over half a century later, brought to such perfection. Also in a school for girls, taught by Jane Taylor, author of “Original Poems,” and her associates, for the use of which school he wrote his English Grammar, which for a half-century was decidedly the most popular class-book in England.

He was induced to undertake it at the half-playful request of the teachers, recognizing the need, praying, “in humble petition to the Right Hon. Lindley Murray,” etc.

In 1814 Miss Hannah Richardson came into the family as companion and housekeeper, and formed the much-needed link between the secluded couple and the outside world ; for Mr. Murray for the last sixteen years of his life was wholly confined to the

house, and his wife rarely left the two rooms by which her husband's life was bounded.

Mr. Murray for many years persevered in a system of moderate exercise, but it was invariably followed by distressing weariness. He therefore determined to relinquish all attempts at walking. The result was beneficial, the soreness of the muscles abated, and he enjoyed a fair condition of health, with considerable immunity from suffering.

He writes at this time: "With the blessings that surround me it would be impious to complain or deplore my condition. It becomes me rather to number my blessings, and I humbly trust that through divine grace I have been enabled cheerfully to submit to my lot, and to be thankful for the mercies, the unmerited mercies, which have been bestowed upon me."

His sympathies were very large, extending to every class, and, possibly because walking was such a great effort and fatigue to him, he was more thoughtful of others who were obliged to use such exertion. To accommodate these he kept in good order for many years a walk by the roadside from Holdgate to York, and a comfortable seat just midway. This was known as "Murray's Seat," and was long preserved as an humble memorial of a man universally respected and beloved.

A little incident of some interest occurred at this time. Every day at about the same hour a young

lady and her attendant passed and repassed the house. Mrs. Murray became interested in her, being especially touched with an expression of deep melancholy that never left her face. Meeting her one day near the entrance, she invited her to walk in and rest. She accepted at once, and after only a few moments' acquaintance poured into the motherly ear of the good lady her whole sad history.

She was a Miss Frank, the daughter of a wealthy banker, and in an unfortunate moment had formed an attachment for one of her father's clerks. The affair was discovered, all intercourse forbidden, and the young man discharged at once from the office. The lady refused to be comforted, drifted into a condition of hopeless melancholy, and was finally consigned to the Insane Retreat near Holdgate.

Miss Frank became after this a constant visitor at Mr. Murray's, and in the genial atmosphere of a Christian home was able to rise above the depression which had controlled her, and enter into the wholesome interests that surrounded her. No threats or persuasions could induce a return to her father's house. She plead with Mrs. Murray to be allowed the privilege of becoming a member of their family, promising all the attention a daughter could give. This was granted, and faithfully she fulfilled her pledge, remaining with them until her father's death, assisting Mr. Murray in his literary labors,

and by her bright, winning manners spreading sunshine everywhere.

After Mr. Frank's death she built a beautiful residence near Holdgate in full view of Mr. Murray's house. Her attachment to him was so strong that she would allow neither tree nor shrub to intercept her view of the room where he passed his days. She spent her later years in good deeds and the wise distribution of her large estate.

Mr. Murray's retired life and unassuming character accounted for the fact that he did not receive any of those academical honors to which the publication of his grammatical works fully entitled him. In 1810 he was elected an honorary member of the Historical Society of New York, and in 1816 of the Literary and Philosophical Society. But he was not covetous of honor. The high approbation which his works received was gratifying only as a proof of their usefulness. The large profits derived from the sale of his publications were uniformly devoted to benevolent purposes. "Nay," a friend writes, "I think it may be said he dedicated all he had to the Lord—his fortune, his time, and his talents."

"His acquaintance and society were much courted by literary people. But he was obliged to decline much company. Indeed, the calls and applications for introduction were so numerous, that if allowed generally would have seriously interfered

with his health and his literary work. With those admitted he adapted his conversation so judiciously to the capacities, tastes, and characters of the persons addressed, that few, whether grave or gay, left him without a feeling of gratification."

The following from Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, summarizes the work and worth of Lindley Murray very completely. He visited him in 1805:

"I went out on horseback to Holdgate, a village in the vicinity of York, for the purpose of seeing a countryman of ours who is well known to the world by his writings and the excellency of his character. I carried an introductory letter which procured me the kindest reception, and all unnecessary ceremony being waived, I was seated at once between Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

"Mr. Murray, I need not inform you, enjoys a distinguished literary reputation; and this, although well deserved, is by no means his most enviable distinction, for he is an eminently good man. Being afflicted with a muscular weakness in his limbs, he removed about twenty years ago from New York to England, hoping for relief from the temperate climate of this island. The expected benefit he has not been so happy as to realize; his debility continues to such an extent that he can walk only a few steps at once.

"I found him sitting on a sofa, to which he has generally been confined for many years. Although

unable to benefit mankind by exertions in any of the active pursuits of life, he has made full amends by the labors of his mind. In the chaste, perspicuous, and polished style of his writings, in the pure and dignified moral sentiments they contain, and even in their simple and yet elegant typographical execution, one may discern proofs of the character of the man. He belongs to the Society of Friends, but both he and Mrs. Murray have so tempered the strictness of manners peculiar to their society, that they are polished people, with the advantage of the utmost simplicity of deportment.

“I was fortunate in finding Mr. Murray able to converse with freedom, for at times he is unable to utter even a whisper and is compelled to decline seeing even his friends. Our conversation related chiefly to literature, morals, and religion, and the state of these important subjects in the United States and in England. I asked him if he had relinquished the idea of returning to his country and observing the great changes these things had undergone in a period of twenty years. He said he still cherished a faint hope of seeing his native land again, which hope was like a star, often obscured, but twinkling now and then to revive the spirits.

“One would suppose that a situation so peculiar as Mr. Murray’s would naturally induce a degree of impatience of temper, or at least a depression of spirits ; but I know not that I have ever seen more

equanimity and sweetness of deportment, joined with a more serene and happy cheerfulness, than in this instance. When the painful circumstances of his situation were alluded to, he expressed his gratitude to Heaven for the many comforts and alleviations he enjoyed under his confinement. You would not judge from his appearance that he was a lame or infirm man, for his countenance is rather ruddy and animated, with a strong expression of benevolence. His person is tall and well formed, and his manner of conversing modest, gentle, easy, and persuasive."

The Earl of Buchan writes in somewhat the same strain ; but on the lively fancy of Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter Maria, their visit to Holdgate formed a very pleasing picture, in which even "the benevolent looks of Mrs. Murray when she offered us some cake and wine," were not forgotten. They had been to Paris, and the contrast between the gay society in which they had mingled there and the quiet, unostentatious reception into the home of Mr. Murray, as they were introduced one evening into his sitting room, was most marked.

Maria Edgeworth concludes with this tribute : "I consider the family of Lindley Murray the most striking example of domestic happiness, and of religion without ostentation or the spirit of dogmatism, I have ever beheld."

A few words from Prof. John Griscom, of New

York, will conclude these extracts: "Among the social occurrences which I shall remember with most pleasure, is a visit this afternoon, February 27th, 1819, to our countryman Lindley Murray. His increasing infirmity prevents him from receiving the visits of strangers, but coming from New York he was induced to grant me an interview. Although so weak as to be scarcely able to bear his own weight, he has, by the power of a strong and well-balanced mind, and by the exercise of the Christian virtues, been able to gain a complete ascendancy over himself. I have been informed that he was possessed of great vivacity of feeling, and passions not easily controlled; but so effectually have the graces of the Christian overcome the waywardness of nature, as to influence the whole tenor of his mind, and produce upon his countenance a lustre and a sweetness of expression, 'with less of earth in them than heaven.'"

Mr. Murray would never allow himself to drift into any habits of indolence. He rose generally at seven in summer, a little later in winter. When dressed and seated in a rolling chair, he would be moved to his sofa in the sitting room, where he sat all day. This sofa was one he brought from America for use during the voyage. At meal-times the table was brought to him; at other times a small stand with a portable writing desk on it was before him. The papers and books he was using

were laid on the sofa beside him, but usually removed before the entrance of visitors, as he disliked literary parade. His wife always sat on a chair close by his side, except when through courtesy she relinquished it to visitors.

Immediately after breakfast she read to him a portion of Scripture ; then, after a short pause, he proceeded to his literary avocations. Until confined to the house he drove from 12 M. to 1:30 P.M. After dinner a short nap, a return to his literary work, unless interrupted by company. The day was closed as it had been commenced, by a portion of the Bible read, and meditation. His diet was always simple. He used neither tobacco nor wine, except the latter occasionally in very small quantities. Fruit from his garden he used in abundance. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine.

A friend writes of his last days : " I was at his house just before his last illness. As I was leaving he said, ' Remember the following lines :

" ' Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear :
A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear.' "

January 10th, 1826, Mr. Murray, being at dinner, was seized with a slight paralytic affection in his left hand; it was of short duration. About a month later he had a slight return of it, but it soon yielded to friction, and he was much interested during the day in having the newspapers read to him contain-

ing the debates on the commercial embarrassments. During the night he had an alarming fainting fit. For several days he suffered much pain, once crying out, "Oh, my—," but checked himself, saying, "It is my portion." For a few moments anguish was depicted on his face, but it soon gave place to fixed serenity. His eyes were lifted up, no doubt in prayer. About half-past eight on the morning of the 16th of February he expired in peace, without a struggle or a groan, in the eighty-first year of his age, and in the full possession of all his faculties. He was translated to glory in the lengthened evening of his day, in the midst of usefulness and honor. The loveliness of his character was not sullied, nor the efficacy of his example impaired, by any infirmity of mind or body. Devotedness to God and love to man were almost the latest expressions of his departing spirit.

His funeral was largely attended by many who had come from a considerable distance. No relative was present, for these all were resident in America, and his aged wife was unable to attend.

Mr. Murray's acts of private charity were innumerable. He was a kind and sincere friend. He was grateful for everything—for his afflictions, because they brought him nearer to God ; for his blessings, because they were an earnest of the Divine favor. He entertained a high sense of moral obligation ; his probity was unimpeachable. He composed

and wrote with quickness and accuracy: his Grammar was completed in rather less than a year.

Among men Mr. Murray knew his comparative worth, and he felt and maintained his dignity ; but before God he was prostrate in spirit, all his honors were laid low. He seemed to hold in his hand the master key of the heart and understanding of those with whom he conversed, and he could at will draw forth tones grave or gay, soft or strong, as suited the present occasion. He was slow to contradict, and still slower to blame. His appearance was noble and prepossessing. He was tall and well proportioned, rather stout. His complexion was dark, his forehead open and expansive, his features regular.

By Mr. Murray's will he left legacies to a number of relatives and friends, also small amounts to several poor people he had been in the habit of assisting. To ten institutions in England he left a considerable sum ; the remainder of his property to his wife, after her death to be transferred to New York and vested in trustees there, so as to form a permanent fund, the yearly income of which was to be appropriated "in liberating black people who may be held in slavery, assisting them when freed, and giving their descendants suitable education ; in promoting the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America, in the purchase and dis-

tribution of books tending to promote piety and virtue, etc."

Mrs. Murray continued to reside at the home at Holdgate until her death in 1834. They left no children.

JOHN MURRAY, JR.,

the second son of Robert and Mary Murray, was born in New York on the 3d of June, 1758. When ten years of age he was sent to Philadelphia to school, where he remained only a few months, or until the family sailed for Europe in 1768. In England he received the remainder of his education. Unlike his older brother Lindley, he was a quiet lad, and probably never gave his parents any uneasiness.

When quite young he connected himself with Moses Rogers in business. When twenty-six years of age he married Catherine Bowne, daughter of James Bowne, of Flushing, Long Island. She was a direct descendant of Thomas Bowne, born at Matlock, Derbyshire, May, 1595. In 1649 he came to America with his son John, and settled at Flushing, "a handsome village, and tolerably well stocked with cattle," as the records of the day state. He built for his residence, in 1661, the house still in excellent preservation, known as "the Old Bowne House," and at this date in possession of the family. He married Hannah Feake, a niece of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts.

Miss Feake was a Quaker, and through her influence John Bowne united with that Church, an

became a zealous upholder of its principles. Complaints being made to the Government that the meetings of these people were held at his house, he was arrested by the Scout with a company of armed men, carried in a boat to Manhattan, put in the court before the Governor's door, fined one hundred and fifty guilders, which he refused to pay, and was in consequence confined in a loathsome dungeon, where "he was kept very long, and well-nigh famished to death," his family being forbidden to visit him.

The Governor, finding the punishment ineffectual to reduce the prisoner to submission, issued the following, May 8th, 1662: "Whereas John Bowne obstinately declines to submit to the judgment of the Director-General and Council, so is it commanded to depart from here in the ship *The Fox*, now ready to sail, while it is once more left to his choice, either to obey and submit, or at sight of this to depart in the aforesaid ship."

John Bowne, refusing to submit, "took passage with his wife, but the wind being adverse, the ship put into Ireland, where he was permitted to land and pass through that country and England, on his own personal engagement that he would appear before the authorities in Holland. This promise he most honorably accomplished, and was respectfully heard before a committee of the West India Com-

pany, who, finding him a discreet man and steadfast in his religion, set him at liberty, with the following severe reprimand in the form of an epistle addressed to Governor Stuyvesant”:

“The consciences of men ought to be free and unshackled so long as they continue moderate, peaceable, inoffensive, and not hostile to Government. Such have been the maxims of prudence and toleration by which the magistrates of this city Amsterdam have been governed; and the consequences have been, that the oppressed and persecuted from every country have found among us an asylum from distress. Follow in the same steps and you will be blessed.”

He remained several months abroad, visiting many parts of Europe. On May 7th, 1663, he “embarked at Gravesend for Barbadoes, arriving there September 16th, and on the 28th came to anchor in the mouth of James River, near Powhatan. Sailed from there January 25th, 1664, and arrived at New Amsterdam; went the same day to Flushing, my own house being the first I entered in the country.”

Calling upon the once puissant Stuyvesant, now a private citizen, he expressed considerable regret at the course pursued. This was the only time the Dutch Colonial Government attempted to exile a man for his religious opinions.

His son Samuel married Mary Becket, a woman of strong and commanding intellect. A curious

relic are these "items of a bill for disbursements on account of Mary Becket":

	£	s.	d.
Linsey-woolsey, 3 yards, at 3/6 a yard.....	10	06	
A lutestring hood.....	9	03	
1 say apron		06	
Serge for a riding gown.....	12	06	
Riding frock of dyed calico.....	11		
One large white apron.....	8		
1 Barmoodoes bonnet.....	2	06	
Taylor work.....	4	10	
Roger Parker for physic, and his visit in her sickness,	6		
A la mode silk for a hood, lining her bonnet, and			
ribbon	14		
Taylor work for making gown.....	2	09	
Silk, buttons, and ribbon.....	2	02	
1 sarsanet hood.....	12		
Holland, 5 yards.....	10		
1 side saddle, with bridle and crupper girths, and			
breast plate, etc	2	3	
Silk for a scarf.....	1	4	09
Stuff gown, petticoat with trimming, taylor work..	3	17	
Serge for a hood, and mantle	1	6	
Taylor work for making one gown, petticoat, hood,			
mantle, waistcoat, stays (9 days).....	1	4	

Another quaint bit of interest is the following letter from John Bowne's youngest daughter, Hannah, to her parents, on a proposal of marriage from her future husband :

Dear Father and Mother :

I may also acquaint you that one Benjamin Field has

tendered his love to me. The question he has indeed proposed concerning marriage, the which as yet I have not at present rejected, nor given much way to, nor do I intend to proceed nor let out my affection too much toward him, until I have well considered the thing and have your advice concerning it.

As of possible interest we mention the following: John Jacob Astor, as a small boy, was employed in the business establishment of a collateral relative, Robert Bowne, "to do chores," which it is probable he did well, and commended himself to his employer, who presented him with a silver watch, of which the following notice appeared recently: "There was found near the Astor Hotel at Mackinac Island in 1884 an old silver watch, on the back of which in bold letters is the inscription: 'Presented to J. J. Astor by R. Bowne, 1785.' The works were somewhat rusty, but they have been cleaned, and the antiquated watch is said to keep good time." It has been given to his great-grandson, Waldorf Astor, whose delight, we presume, at receiving it was hardly equal to that his ancestor experienced when it came into his possession.

It was many years after this, when the boy had become the elderly man, as a little girl, my hand in my father's, I passed his modest brick dwelling in Broadway near Prince street. A big brass plate was conspicuously on the front door, bearing the name "Mr. Astor," and as we passed my father

remarked: "A very rich man lives there, my child."

A plain man, but one of Nature's gentlemen, came to our home occasionally on business, and sometimes would be invited into the sitting room. He told a story well, and as a child I loved to hear the old man talk. This incident of the old fur trader I remember distinctly, and can give it almost in his words: "John Jacob and I used to be good friends. During his last illness he often sent for me. Sometimes I would open the Bible and read a bit, but he didn't seem to care much for it. A few days before he died I saw he was failing, and I said: 'John, let me read you from the good book.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I'm willing.' 'What shall it be?' He thought a good while, and then said: 'Read about Samson and the foxes.'" Alas! it was the ruling passion strong in death. The skins of the red fox had been one of his profitable ventures.

Catherine Bowne Murray had two brothers and three sisters.

Walter, who married the beautiful Eliza Southgate, a niece of Rufus King. They had two children, Walter and Mary (Lawrence).

Cad. D. Colden, grandson of the Governor, and Walter Bowne were in 1818 rival candidates for the office of Mayor of New York City. They both served, but which was at this time the successful one I know not. Various rhymes, setting forth the

merits of the candidates, were sung generally by the young men of the rival factions. This one has been preserved, certainly not for its literary merit :

“ If you would have your rights upholden,
Then give your votes for C. D. Colden ;
But if you'd have them trodden down,
Then give your votes for Water Bowne.”

John married Grace Sands, a relative of Commodore Sands, of Brooklyn. He had six children—Eliza, Caroline, Phebe (Hunt), Robert, Joshua, and Catherine (Suckley).

Mary married John King and had nine children—John, Caroline (Jenkins), Hannah (Merritt), Mary (Merritt), Catherine (Wood), Ann (Colton), Walter, and Ellen (Buffum).

Mrs. Townsend had two sons, Walter and James. Caroline never married.

As a city residence Mr. Murray built the house No. 335 Pearl street, then a section of the city especially coveted for private residences of the better class. Here he lived forty years. In furnishing this house his ambition extended to the possession of an oilcloth for his hall—quite a luxury in America at that time. He accordingly wrote to England to his brother Lindley, asking him to make the purchase and forward by one of his father's vessels. Lindley writes in return, with a hint at the extravagance of his younger brother, that he had

purchased certain carpets as desired, but delayed procuring the oilcloths, as he understood the odor of the paint upon them was disagreeable and injurious. This article was probably manufactured with a freer admixture of white lead than now. We are left in ignorance whether the ambitious young man accepted the advice of his elder brother, or insisted upon the possession of the coveted luxury, even at the risk of a possible injury to his health.

Mr. Murray's country home was built upon a portion of his father's estate on Murray Hill, and in 1876 was still standing on the southeast corner of 37th street and Fifth avenue, a defaced wooden structure, gray and bare. A few stunted trees remain, and some prim old box, the delight of the ancient gardener's heart, while the lovely turf that once ornamented the western slope, makes struggling efforts each spring to show the gay world, as it passes by, this feeble remnant of a better day. Should the shade of our worthy ancestor revisit these scenes of long ago, he would sigh over the sad degeneracy of all earthly estate. A dressmaker and florist divide the honors of the house, with little respect for its many years, or for the "merrie days of yore."

While still a young man, having secured a competency, he retired from a prosperous business and devoted the remainder of his life to good works,

winning for himself the well-merited title of John Murray the "Philanthropist."

The first public benevolent enterprise in which he embarked was the New York Hospital, of which he was elected a Governor in 1782, and in the service of which he continued until his death, a period of thirty-two years, during three years of which he was Secretary.

In the late fall of 1793 he started on a horseback trip through the Southern States. The weather proved very severe, and it became at times a question whether he would not seriously suffer from exposure and fatigue. His description of Washington as he saw it nearly one hundred years ago is at least amusing: "We drove from Alexandria to the New or Federal City, as it now is called, though there are but few houses there, but the plan for the future is very stupendous. The President's house is commenced and bids fair to be a magnificent building, or, more properly, palace. It will be built of hewn stone, and one hundred men are employed in its construction. The Capitol, it is conjectured, will take twenty years to build. The Citadel is also begun, which, by description, is to be a wonderful fabric. The city is to be called Washington, and will excel anything we know of here in point of grandeur and beauty."

As a contrast to the present easy access to Philadelphia, the following may interest: He was within

a few miles of the city, on the road from Baltimore, when "it began to be near evening, and a prospect of a journey through the deep woods, where in some places the snow was so heavy as to leave but little tracks, seemed somewhat solitary. I endeavored however to philosophize, and persevered, but soon found myself in woods so dense that it was almost impossible to discern the way, and I must confess to some very disagreeable fears. But we met with no accident, and emerged eventually into a narrow lane where the snow was four feet deep, and I almost feared my man and myself, with our tired animals, would be buried in it."

In 1795 he associated himself with a few others, in efforts to improve the condition of the Indians of New York State, by instructing them in agriculture and the useful arts. In the prosecution of this effort he made several visits to the various tribes, in company with the commissioners appointed by the Government. In one of these he thus describes his experiences: "We could get nothing to eat, after our long and exhaustive day's journey, but some poor supawn sweetened with black maple sugar, no bread, butter, or milk. There were eighteen people in the hut, and we could rest but poorly, surrounded as we were by children and dirt. The next morning we left by break of day in a pouring rain, without any breakfast, trusting to do better at the next station." And again: "As bedtime ap-

proached we began to look about and consider where we should lay our heads, and seeing no preparations, concluded to take our blankets and retire to the hayloft over the stable. But when the old woman ascertained our prospects, she opened a door and showed us into a back apartment very much resembling a smoke-house, with an earthen floor upon which she had spread some blankets. We felt compelled to remain here for fear of giving offence, and moreover we considered ourselves here more immediately under the protection of Scanado."

In 1796, in connection with some others, Mr. Murray made application to the Legislature for a repeal of the then penal code, which was very imperfect, inflicting penalties very disproportionate to offences. A bill was accordingly introduced by Chief Justice Spencer by which this defective code was repealed, one more mild established, and the State prison at Sing Sing directed to be built. To carry this into effect Mr. Murray was appointed one of the inspectors of the prison. This first Board had quite an arduous task to perform in organizing plans for enforcing cleanliness, order, and regularity among the convicts, and devising for them various means of employment. In 1797 he was appointed one of the five commissioners to build Newgate Prison at Greenwich Village. This was the second State prison in the United States. It was a large

stone building, surrounded by a high wall, on which an armed sentry was constantly pacing.

About this time the family were deeply afflicted by the serious illness of a favorite sister, Mrs. Martin Hoffman. This terminated in acute mania, and it was decided to remove her to the Pennsylvania Insane Asylum. Mr. Hoffman being quite prostrated by his wife's condition, Mr. Murray consented to undertake the charge of conveying the invalid to her destination.

They took boat to Brunswick Landing, but on their way encountered a terrible gale in which their vessel was nearly lost. Mrs. Hoffman, who was quite calm when they left, became so violent that at one time it seemed a question whether, with all the assistance available, they could complete the journey without accident. They were obliged to spend two nights on the way, of course increasing their anxieties. Finally the suffering invalid was placed under judicious care and Mr. Murray was released from his painful charge. But the change was of little avail. Mrs. Hoffman grew rapidly worse, and died in about a month after her admission to the institution.

Mrs. Lamb, in her "History of New York City," thus speaks of Mr. Murray: "John Murray, Jr., a clever man, a lover of the arts and a philanthropist, was one of the founders of the Historical Society. He, with other founders of this Society, seeing that

the tide of European emigration was drifting multitudes to this shore, whose children would grow up easy victims to vice and crime unless way was prepared for them to receive the rudiments of education, discussed the subject, and a meeting was called at his house in Pearl street. The result was the institution of the free-school system. Thirteen trustees were appointed, of whom De Witt Clinton was President; John Murray, Jr., Vice-President; Benjamin Douglass Perkins, Treasurer. The first school was opened in Madison street, May, 1806."

It is interesting to note that the first meeting for the consideration of this important subject was held at our grandfather's house.

In the year 1811 he was appointed by Governor Tompkins one of the commissioners to report to the Legislature a plan for the "better organization of common schools throughout the State of New York." The report of these commissioners was adopted, and a law passed in 1812, perfecting a system which has been in its working of incalculable benefit.

The steady increase of pauperism induced Mr. Murray at this time to unite with others in the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism." Among the important measures undertaken by this Society was the incorporation of the first savings bank, in Chambers street, known as the "New York Bank for Savings." Of this institution he

was first Vice-President, also Treasurer. Among his various public enterprises, perhaps there was not one that enlisted more fully his interests and energies than this. The last inquiry it was believed he ever made after any of his very numerous public interests was this: "How does the savings bank prosper?" and on being told of its great success he could only murmur a few words of satisfaction.

In disposition he was remarkably cheerful, although rarely lively. His son Robert said of him: "I never heard my father laugh aloud but twice in all my knowledge of him." In his views he was catholic and liberal. He had associated largely with persons of various denominations, and often expressed his earnest desire that Christians would avoid unnecessary disputes about non-essentials, and unite in promoting the common cause in which they profess to be engaged.

In whatever he undertook he proceeded cautiously, adopting for his maxim the words "*Festina lente*"—Hasten slowly—which motto he had engraven on his cane as a frequent reminder. In his manner he was kindly courteous, evincing on all occasions a readiness to devote his time and talents to the best of all causes, the good of mankind.

His private charities were large and unknown to his most intimate associates. His delight was to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to visit the sick and distressed, or, to adopt the language of

an eloquent writer, "to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forsaken." His humility and self-denial were manifested in his plain manner of living, especially in later life, scrupulously avoiding any kind of extravagance, lest he might spend in useless objects what he conceived should be reserved for the poor and needy. As an illustration of the extent to which this principle of his life was carried, we instance the following :

On one occasion some ladies were deputed to call on him to solicit aid for a deserving charity. They were shown into his office, where they found him seated at a small table, writing by the light of two wax candles. He arose, begged his guests to be seated, and immediately extinguished one of his lights. "We shall not get much here," smilingly whispered one of the ladies to her friend, on observing this stretch of economy. But the gentleman listened patiently to their statement, and at its conclusion handed them a check for one hundred dollars, upon which the lady who had been sceptical as to their success frankly observed : "Mr. Murray, I am disappointed. I had not calculated upon getting anything." Surprised, he asked the reason. "Because, sir, I presume I misunderstood your motive in extinguishing that candle. I thought it argued

a close management that must preclude liberality." "That, ladies," he replied, "is the reason I can thus respond to your appeal. It is by economizing in small things I am able to give liberally."

In 1812, while at Albany attending a meeting of the "Commissioners of Common Schools," he left his lodgings one evening to be present with a committee of the Legislature on the subject of repealing the death penalty. The streets were covered with ice and the walking hazardous. He had not proceeded far when he fell, and was so seriously injured that he never recovered from the effects, subjecting him to almost constant and frequently excruciating pain. He endured the affliction with Christian patience, nor did it materially interrupt his career of benevolence.

In the early part of the year 1819 he became seriously ill, and after some days of great suffering, expired while in the act of vocal prayer. By his last will he made many bequests for public and private benefit.

He left three children, Mary M. (Perkins), Robert I., and Lindley Murray.

Mrs. Murray continued to reside in the house in Pearl street after her husband's death, her son Robert, with his five children, the youngest not three years old, spending two years with her after his wife's sudden decease. The following letter from the aged grandmother to a grandchild away

at school indicates the effort made to entertain and adapt herself to these young people. Their father had just married again, and they had all left her home :

NEW YORK, June 30th, 1830.

My dear Mary :

With scarcely any qualification now for writing but love, I do not feel easy to delay any longer thanking thee for thy very acceptable though short letters, but I suppose you have but little time to write. Give my love to Ann Eliza, and tell her I do not forget I have not received a single line from her. Thy dear father and mother left us for Rhode Island on the 11th. They write they had a pleasant passage, pleasant company, and pleasant accommodation, but not a word when we might expect to see them back. They left thy Grandmother Colden with Caroline and the children. She has now gone to New Burg.

I have seen but little of Caroline since the removal to Grand street. She has been so busy getting settled, and then she was with your Aunt Jane, who thou knows has gone to Liverpool. It must have been trying for her to part with her little Jane and let her go to New London alone with Captain Allyn's sisters.

Aunt Eliza's health is so poor that when I could get from home I have gone to see her. Little Lindley has gone to Jericho to pass the summer at Thomas Willis'. My dear Mary says "she thinks I must have felt very much fatigued after having so much company." I did, but soon got rested. I had plenty of help to wait on our friends.

The children come but seldom—they seem to find enough to amuse them in Grand street; but last week, as I had told Lindley I would show him the way to Grant Thorburn's, I invited seven more to go with us—Gertrude, David Colden, Robert

Lindley, Ann and Ellen King, Margaretta and Jane Murray. I think my company were much gratified with the excursion. The plants and flowers, the birds and the goldfish, were enough to please old as well as young. After the children were satisfied with seeing, we returned to No. 335 Pearl street, and were refreshed by a cup of tea. But thou may be satisfied this was not done without exhausting very much the little strength of their old friend.

Thy affectionate grandmother,

CATHERINE MURRAY.

Mrs. Murray's death occurred during a temporary sojourn at her son Robert's in 14th street.

BEULAH AND SUSAN MURRAY.

Through the various vicissitudes which moulded the lives of the older members of Robert Murray's family, these two children remained the cherished darlings of the home. They were attractive in their appearance, winning in their manners, with minds cultivated quite beyond the standard of the American girls of that day. This was due to their long residence abroad, and access to the advantages of foreign schools.

The extreme strictness of their father's discipline had relaxed, and they were allowed to mingle with a certain freedom in the gayeties of New York provincial life. The British army and navy afforded a choice of society to the daughters of the friends of the Government, more select than the American sympathizer could command, and among the names of the frequent visitors at Mr. Murray's house there were many of the scarlet-coated gentry, who, while so courteously entertained by the young ladies and their more sober brother, little realized that beneath this gracious exterior their hearts secretly yearned for the patriot cause.

Major André, who was an intimate friend and frequent guest at the house, thus describes these charming girls, to the younger of whom, rumor

says, he was much attached: "I cannot pretend to do justice to the Misses Murray. Delicate and thoughtful, there is an air of pensive languor and unaffected modesty over the whole appearance of Miss Beulah that would awe impudence itself into respect and sympathy. Neither tall nor fair, she pleases the more for being more uncommon; and with a pair of eyes that cannot strictly be called handsome, but which say everything the owner pleases, a forehead open and ingenuous, cheeks that bloom continually with the softest tints of the rose, and a mouth formed by the hands of the Graces, joined to an abundance of dark, flowing hair, confers more conquests than the fluttering blaze of Mrs. B—— or the tall dignity of Mrs. F——."

Of Miss Susan he speaks much more rapturously. She had evidently made considerable impression on the heart of this elegant military dandy, this brilliant critic of provincial beauty:

"But Miss Susan, the sweet, sprightly, amiable Susan, how can I describe thee! How shall I paint that flow of cheerfulness, that natural elegance of expression, that wit, that sense, that sensibility; that modesty, that good nature, and that winning air of artless youth, every one of which thou possessest to such a superior degree! Still more difficult is it to describe a person on which beauty and gracefulness have been lavished, but which I believe never raised in thee a vain idea. Eyes large,

full, black, and the most expressive I ever beheld ; fine dark hair and a faultless nose—but it is in vain to particularize every beauty, where all is beauty.”

When he penned this eulogy, had he forgotten the beautiful Honora Sneyd, to whom at the age of nineteen he was engaged, and of whom he writes: “All my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear Honora”? She afterward married another, the father of Maria Edgeworth.

Although a brave fellow undoubtedly, as attested by the way he met his death at the age of twenty-nine—“I pray you bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man”—his temperament was light and festive, and he held a facile pen. He was, moreover, extremely fond of the society of ladies and quite generally a favorite. Col. Tallmadge writes: “If he had been tried by a court of ladies, he is so genteel, handsome, and polite a young gentleman, that I am confident they would have acquitted him.”

But in the midst of their pleasuring a trial came of peculiar severity. The mother, to whom these young girls clung with intense affection, was suddenly removed from them.

Beulah, as the eldest, felt keenly the responsibilities thus thrust upon her, both in the support she must extend to her younger sister, whose sensitive nature seemed almost paralyzed by the blow, and

in the arduous charge of her father's household. He had never given his daughters an intimate companionship, and yet he was deeply attached to them, so in this first bereavement they could not turn to him for the close sympathy the heart of a motherless child craves. He was, moreover, obliged just at this time to be much from home on business. Mrs. Barnett was then a young widow, residing at Flushing, but as there was no *entente cordiale* between this high-strung daughter and her father, the sisters did not see a great deal of each other. It was, however, when Beulah was on her way to visit Mrs. Barnett, while she was living at Elizabeth, New Jersey, that the following incident occurred :

It was just before the close of the war, when the country was in a very unsettled condition, that in November, 1781, she crossed the Hudson in a flag-boat. "Rev. James Caldwell, being informed of the expected arrival of a young lady at the Point whose family had been peculiarly serviceable to our unhappy fellow-citizens, prisoners with the enemy, proposed waiting on her and conducting her to the town, in grateful acknowledgment of the services offered by her family.

"He accordingly went to the Point in a chair for that purpose. After the young lady had got in the chair and they were driving off, a soldier stepped up and said: 'I must search your chair; to see

whether you have any seizable goods in that bundle.' This reference was to a small parcel, done up in a white pocket-handkerchief, which lay upon Miss Murray's lap, and which had been handed her by a person on the sloop, asking her to take it to Elizabeth. Mr. Caldwell said he would return it to the commanding officer, and, leaving the chair, was stepping on board the sloop to do so, when a soldier raised his gun and without warning shot him dead on the spot."

Mr. Caldwell was a great-uncle of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, a famous Presbyterian clergyman, and a warm patriot. His church was at this time burned down, and he was preaching at the "Red Store House" with "his pistols lying on each side of him on the pulpit, and sentinels had to keep watch during the time of service." When chaplain of a regiment during the heat of contest, it is said that, "to supply the men with wadding for their firelocks, he galloped to the church nearby, brought back an armful of psalm books, and as he handed them around, shouted, 'Now put Watts into them, boys!'" He had been embittered by the death of his wife, murdered by the British soldiery, while, with an infant at her breast, she was on her knees praying for these her enemies.

At the funeral Dr. Boudenot came forward, leading his nine orphan children, and arranging them around the bier of their murdered father, made an

address of surpassing pathos. John, the eldest son, was adopted by the Marquis de La Fayette.

Among the visitors at Mr. Murray's was an officer in the English army by the name of Augustus Delano, a young man of fine appearance and finished address. He captivated the fancy of Miss Beulah, and she suffered his attentions, although quite aware of her father's strong objections to his daughters connecting themselves with "army men." Still, he did not forbid them the house.

But before Mr. Murray knew of the intimacy Mr. Delano was recalled, but a correspondence was maintained in which they mutually professed an undying faith. His duties detaining him in England greatly beyond the time expected, allowed a cooler judgment to act, and finally Miss Beulah wrote declining any further intercourse. Mr. Delano felt the estrangement keenly. He never returned to America, but remained true to his first love through life.

After her father's death she married Mr. Martin Hoffman, a gentleman of wealth and refinement. Her wedded life was short.

The following tribute to her worth appeared in a contemporary paper :

"Departed October 27th, 1800, Mrs. Beulah Hoffman, in whom were united gentleness of manners, sweetness of disposition, and all those mental qualifications that adorn and dignify human nature.

Delicacy of heart, blended with superior sense and sound judgment, enabled her to be the faithful counsellor and friend of such as sought her society, whilst her constant piety and cheerful resignation to the dispensations of Providence taught her to sustain those misfortunes which are the lot of humanity. The writer has often experienced a portion of that happiness she dispensed to all around her, and considers her transition from this world to a better as a happy termination of those sorrows which it had pleased her Master to afflict her with."

Mrs. Hoffman left four children—Lindley Murray, David Murray (Judge), Martin, and Anna (Livingston).

MISS SUSAN MURRAY,

although but slightly her sister's junior, was less mature. She was of a bright, joyous temperament, sensitive and confiding, and so delicately constituted that many special privileges and indulgences were allowed her.

Near New York was stationed the regiment of Gilbert Colden Willett, a captain in the British army, a cousin of Colonel Marinus Willett, of the patriot army, and a grandson of Cadwallader Colden, Governor of New York, by his daughter Alice. The young man, although mingling freely in the society of the city, seemed quite insensible to its attractions. A lady of his acquaintance, piqued at his indifference to her sex, offered to introduce him to a friend of hers with whom he would certainly fall in love. But the captain defied the power of female charms to captivate, and submitted with indifference.

An opportunity soon after offering, he was introduced to Miss Susan, saw her constantly, and in spite of contrary intention became a devoted admirer. The young lady did not long remain insensible to his attractions, and won by his interest, as well as by the handsome face of her lover, she gave him a promise to be his at some future day.

As in the case of her sister Mary, the affair was kept secret from her father, for she knew it would not have his approval, although the gentleman was of unexceptionable character and antecedent. He was actively engaged in the revolutionary conflict, and was wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs. In 1799 his name appears on the records of St. Mark's Church-on-the-Bowery as one of the trustees.

Soon after this Capt. Willett was ordered to North Carolina, where he remained four years, at the expiration of which time he returned and claimed from his fiancée the fulfilment of her promise. The family was then at the country home on Murray Hill. Susan, hopeless of her father's consent, took the counsel of despair, and determined that the ceremony should be performed in his absence and without his knowledge. The affair accomplished, she trusted to her powers of persuasion, and the love the father bore his youngest child, to win him to a different mind and reconcile him to her husband.

Their plans were accordingly laid with great secrecy, and executed without a member of the family having a suspicion of the affair. One fine morning in May, horses were brought to the door at Belmont, ostensibly for an afternoon's drive, and the truant pair, accompanied by two friends who were visiting at the house, Miss Lowther and Capt.

Bowlinson, mounted and rode down to old Trinity Church, where they were married, before the little square white wooden altar, by Bishop More. The next morning, as the young bride was sitting by her grave sister Beulah, who was all-unsuspicious of the event, with an arch glance she held up her finger with its wedding ring and told the story of her romantic flight the day before. Startled by the event, grieved at her sister's lack of confidence in her, and fearful of her father's displeasure, the sister's feelings entirely overcame her and she fainted quite away. At this most inopportune moment the much-dreaded parent entered and an exciting scene ensued.

But the old gentleman had softened since his displeasure had fallen so heavily upon his eldest daughter. Capt. Willett was sent for, inquiries followed, and when it was ascertained that the marriage was legally and ecclesiastically right he was bidden to take his wife and depart. In a few months, however, the father, whose health was declining, longed to see the face of this favorite child, and all was forgiven. After this the captain resigned from the army and connected himself with his brother-in-law, John Murray, Jr., in business.

Soon after his daughter's marriage Mr. Murray died, the house in Queen street was given up, and Beulah went to reside with Mrs. Willett on Murray Hill. Gen. Gates was at this time their

nearest neighbor, and Baron Steuben, once the aide-de-camp of Frederick the Great, lived not far off in a rustic dwelling. With these families there seemed to be considerable intimacy, and the ladies of Murray Hill, in their association with these patriots of the Revolution, must often have recalled the earlier days when such were strangers to them, and the red-coated royalists the only frequenters of their house. One may wonder if they ever recognized in the noble baron one of the four generals who pronounced the death sentence upon their old friend Major André, and bore him any grudge therefore.

Mrs. Willett was noted as a chess player. Her chess table, board, and ivory men were the gift of Baron Steuben. The gallant Thaddeus Kosciusko, the hero of the hour, who also prided himself upon his game, once challenged her. Too spirited to decline, she accepted the challenge, though greatly alarmed, on condition of being allowed to use her own board and men. It had doubtless often been a victorious battlefield for her in her engagements with the illustrious baron. A smile, it is said, flitted over the faces of those present when, upon seating herself, she called for "a glass of water." She beat him, and the stately Thaddeus of Warsaw, rising, bowed profoundly and said, "Madam, Kosciusko bows at your feet and acknowledges you

his conqueror." The old chessboard and table are still in existence.

The fame of this lady's playing seems to have extended beyond her own country, for Mr. Grellett, a French gentleman, writes, praying "that Mrs. Willett will begin a game of chess with him by correspondence," and Mr. K—— came to New York for the express purpose of meeting so great a proficient in the game.

Through imprudently indorsing for a friend Mr. Willett lessened his estate so materially, that he was obliged to part with his elegant country home and remove to one more in keeping with their reduced income. Fortune still continuing adverse, he concluded to break up housekeeping, and at the invitation of their uncle, John Murray, removed temporarily to his house. After this they went to Pearl street. While here they were robbed of all their old family plate, valuable not only from its richness but from its association.

In 1805 the family removed to Coldenham—not to the Mansion House—and, contrary to Mrs. Willett's expectation, found in this country home so much pleasure that she called the place "Content." But this was of short duration. The cough which had for years troubled her increased, and in December, 1808, aged forty-three years, died Susan Lindley Willett, leaving three daughters, Alice (Wadsworth), Beulah (Walden), and Mary Ann (Tracy).

She died with these words upon her lips : "Sweet Jesus, take me to Thyself."

Her daughter Alice Wadsworth, who married a nephew of Gen. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, New York, writes later : "I cannot avoid frequently contrasting my present situation in a snug little cottage in a small town in Connecticut with the manner in which I was brought up, with my father's winter and summer establishments, his elegant carriages, liveried servants, sumptuous table, and polished circle of friends."

MARY MURRAY,

eldest child of John and Catherine Bowne Murray, was born in New York in the year 1785. At the age of nineteen she married Benjamin Douglass Perkins, of Connecticut, and occupied a house in Pearl street adjoining her father's. The connection was of short duration. Mr. Perkins died of yellow fever in 1814, leaving Mrs. Perkins at the age of twenty-nine a widow with two children, a son and daughter. After this event she went to reside with her mother, and here she passed the remainder of her life.

Shortly after the death of her husband she was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, the result of imprudence in the use of cold water when overheated, which disease, assuming a chronic form, eventually entirely crippled her. For a time she was able to walk with the aid of crutches, but for the last years of her life she could only move about by means of a wheeled chair, guided by an attendant. Through years of suffering the natural buoyancy of her disposition kept her spirits alive, while the sweetness of her character, and the gentle submission to her painful allotment, rendered her always a loved companion.

At Saratoga, where she passed many summers in a vain search for health, the visitors esteemed it a

privilege to walk beside the chair of the sweet invalid, often guiding it themselves for the sake of the privilege of an hour's talk with her. Unable to reach her hand to her face, and unwilling to receive assistance at her meals, she had provided a very long fork, with which her food, previously prepared, was conveyed to her mouth.

A bitter trial awaited her in the death by consumption of her sweet daughter Caroline, whose unremitting attention to her suffering parent undermined a constitution not naturally vigorous, and sowed the seeds of the disease which carried her off at the early age of sixteen.

The sufferings of Mrs. Perkins' last years were very acute from the distortion of her limbs, aggravated by a racking cough, which was, through her later life, an almost constant attendant. But she always preserved a cheerful submission, and in her death, which occurred in 1829, her friends could only rejoice in her happy release.

A son, Benjamin, survived her. After a brief acquaintance he married. The connection was not very happy. Partial estrangement followed, only terminated when death laid the husband in an early grave. He had lived extravagantly, horses and pictures were his delight, and he died regretting when too late that his life had been to so little purpose. A large estate was divided between two sons, Murray and Benjamin.

The following is from one of the daily papers :

“ Benjamin Douglass Perkins was born in Plainfield, Conn., in the year 1775, and graduated at Yale College, 1794. Having finished his academic course with reputation, he went to England, where he devoted several years to literary and scientific pursuits. With a mind thus richly furnished he returned to his native country in the autumn of 1803, and took up his residence in New York City, and soon exhibited an example of public spirit and a zeal for the public welfare which secured to him the esteem of the wise and the good. He was emphatically the friend of the poor and the oppressed, and in forming and maturing plans for improving their condition his active and ingenious mind was ever occupied.

“ Among the objects of his assiduous attention, that distinguished ornament of our city, ‘ The New York Free School ’—parent of our present system of common schools—should be particularly mentioned. To his exertions, in a great measure, are the public indebted for the establishment and present prosperity of this important and valuable institution. It was principally formed by his hand, it grew up under his culture, it became the object of his fond regard, and his efforts to promote its interests were laborious and unwearied.

“ The great interests of science and the arts, as well as of humanity, claimed and received his foster-

ing care. When visited by his last sickness he was zealously employed in setting on foot a literary institution, similar to the celebrated Atheneum of Liverpool. He was a member of the Abolition Society, a director of the African School, Governor of the New York Hospital, and a very useful member of the New York Historical Society.

“Affable in his manners, cheerful and uniform in his disposition, discreet in his intercourse with his fellow-citizens, exemplary in his morals, and in his religion undissembling and devout. As a husband he was unusually attentive, and as a friend attractive and sincere.”

ROBERT I. MURRAY,

eldest son of John and Catherine Murray, was born at his father's country home on Murray Hill in the year 1786. He was a boy of great natural vivacity, with a quick perception of humor, frank and ingenuous in disposition, but with a love for society so strong, that with a less guarded education he might have been led into very devious paths.

A love of fun, and lack of reverence for constituted authority, caused him some severe and probably merited punishments. When not more than twelve he was sent to a boarding school at Nine Partners, Dutchess County. One of the teachers expressing himself unbecomingly, the boy exclaimed, "If you are not more careful, Satan certainly will get you." The superior was so incensed, and perhaps justly, that he thrust young Robert into a dungeon under the eaves of the house, so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and entirely dark and unventilated. Here he was kept for forty-eight hours on a diet of bread and water. Not relishing the darkness, and fortunately counting among his possessions a strong knife, he cut an opening through the roof, concealing it by a piéce of leather taken from the sole of his shoe. This was long

shown visitors as an evidence of the severity of a former régime.

At fourteen he was sent to Burlington to school, where he made good progress. They tell a story of the boy while here, most characteristic. One summer's afternoon a lot of the students went to the river for a swim. A large vessel was just weighing anchor, and the boys dared young Murray to swim around her. He made a bold effort, and reaching the ship dived beneath, and coming up upon her other side, kept with the vessel and out of sight of his companions, until opposite an obscured point, where he regained the shore, and reaching home unobserved and in advance of his companions, changed his clothing and seated himself at his studies. The boys, alarmed at his non-appearance, and believing he must have sunk from exhaustion, ran to the house with the alarming news. A search was instituted, and after some hours of unsuccessful effort, the truant was discovered quietly at his lessons.

The strictness of his education and the sedateness of the home life were well-nigh disastrous to the young man, to whom restraint was irksome. Fortunately he was extravagantly fond of travel, and his father indulged the taste, allowing him so much liberty that before he was twenty-one he had seen more of his own country than most of his associates. For his sister Mary he cherished a peculiar attachment, and her influence over him was most

favorable. A summons to her side was rarely neglected, and her letters to her often absent brother breathe the warmest affection and sympathy, and perhaps did more to neutralize the influence of unprofitable companionship, than the dignified expostulations of his excellent father.

The following letter from his father indicates the concern felt in his son's welfare. The deviations seem mainly on the score of attire. He never was willing to adopt the "Friends'" garb.

NEW YORK, 9TH MO. 27TH, 1809.

My Dear Robert :

Thou requests us to write thee soon after the receipt of thy last, and direct to Baltimore. However solicitous I may feel to promote thy temporal interests, I cannot avoid communicating a little of the pain I have felt in thy departure from the precepts and example of thy parents in regard to the simplicity of our profession. I have marked thy footsteps for a year past, and have been sorrowfully impressed from time to time in discovering the advancement from one thing to another, till at last thou hast thrown off the badge by which we are distinguished, at which thy parents cannot but be grieved.

However upright thy intentions may be as a man, and honorable thy transactions, yet it forms a beautiful trait in the human character, and adds a dignity to it, an adherence to the religion we profess, and a uniform observance of its rules and principles.

And now, my dear Robert, although I have conveyed sentiments which cannot but affect a dutiful and affectionate child with whom I have wished to expostulate on rational and firm

ground, yet the displeasure I have felt, and the uneasiness experienced, do not so far operate as to prevent my manifesting the most liberal disposition consistent with prudence. Having taken all things into consideration, I have come to a final conclusion on the subject of furnishing thee the means of commencing and carrying on business. . . . These respective sums will make up an amount from thy father which I trust thou wilt gratefully receive, and view, as I do, a liberal advance for thy encouragement. It is more than I had intended to do, but my anxiety for thy encouragement and well-doing, and to gratify thee as far as I could with propriety, has overcome other considerations.

I was glad to find thou made so good an excuse for refusing to play cards, but how much better it would have been to have appeared in the character of a Quaker, and thus have convinced these gamesters thou was a member of a society which was opposed in principle to such practices! I have endeavored to preserve thee from the rocks and shoals, and now, my dear Robert, thou must bear thy own burdens; but as it is said to be a "long lane that has no turn," the sooner the experiment is made the better.

I presume thou art now looking northward, and we may expect thee in a few days. Brother Willett has made us a short visit. He left New York yesterday, Alice Wadsworth and Beulah accompanying him. I believe they are in usual health at Aunt Murray's.

Ere this arrives thou may have heard of William Ogden's illness; he was very unwell yesterday morning. They had two physicians.

I perceive by this evening's paper that the intercourse with Brooklyn is restored.

Adieu, my dear Robert.

From thy affectionate father,

JOHN MURRAY, JR.

At the age of twenty-two he engaged in the wholesale drug business with Benjamin Collins. On the retirement of Mr. Collins his brother became a partner, and for some years the firm was Robert & Lindley Murray.

At twenty-six he married Elizabeth Colden, daughter of David Colden, and great-granddaughter of Cadwallader Colden, the last Colonial Governor of New York. The ceremony was performed at Coldenham, Orange County, the ancestral home of the family.

Concerning this his sister Mary writes :

FEBRUARY 13TH, 1812.

This eventful day commences an important era in my beloved brother's life, one in which his sister feels tenderly interested. Yes, my love, my heart has been with thee this whole evening. May thy most sanguine hopes be realized in thy beloved Elizabeth. Tell her, as the chosen of a darling brother, exclusive of her own superior excellence, I shall be happy to salute her as a sister, and congratulate you both, asking that every blessing a bountiful Providence has in store, consistent with your best interest, may ever attend you.

I was at the Square yesterday. Cousin Mary continues very poorly, and regrets exceedingly she could not have accompanied thee. Even Aunt was very sorry she could not have gone.

His brother Lindley writes :

This is the all-important evening, "big with the fate of Murray and of Colden," the evening when at the altar of connubial felicity is to be consummated the happiness of a

endeared brother. Please present my respectful compliments to Elizabeth, and say that, as the chosen companion of my beloved Robert, I am prepared to, nay, indeed, already feel for her the affection of a brother. Accept the sincere congratulations of your brother on the happy event which has indissolubly united your destinies. The brilliant imaginations of lovers, you know, are apt to paint futurity in very glowing colors. May these anticipations be realized, and may the prayers of all your friends for your welfare be favorably received at the Throne of Grace !

We have heard from father since his arrival in Albany. He is very well.

The following letter was written by Miss Colden to her fiancé five months before their marriage :

COLDENHAM, January 25th, 1812.

Dear Robert :

I have made known to my parents what our intentions were, provided they met with their approval. They say they will have no objection to celebrate our union on the thirteenth, since you have promised to let me remain with them some time afterwards. Oh, dear! how fast the day approaches when I shall relinquish all claim to the title of Miss, and assume one on which will devolve so many important duties, that I fear little Bess will not be capable of fulfilling them with grace and dignity. Mother desires me to mention that she will be happy to see all your friends that you may wish to bring up. I do hope your father will not lay his commands on Lindley to detain him from accompanying you.

Well, as respects the ring, all that is necessary will be a plain, thin loop; only look at your Cousin Harriet's finger and you will see exactly what it ought to be. Uncle and aunt have been here this evening, and they have tried every means

in their power to be let in the secret. I assure you uncle grew quite impatient, particularly as I made "July" answer to every question. Mr. Willett begged me to tell you that he intends teaching me to play chess. He gave Sarah a lesson yesterday when I was otherwise engaged, but he has promised to come again to-morrow and instruct us both. He says Sarah is a very apt scholar, but I fancy he will find me the reverse.

Your loving

BESS.

In the thirteenth century the Colden family occupied the estate of Colding-Knowe or Knoll, on the east side of the Leader water. All that now remains of the old buildings is an ancient tower, known as early as the thirteenth century as the "Tower of Coldingham." This Knoll, or Knowe, was rendered classical by its "bonny, bonny broom," giving rise to the song of "The Broom of the Cowden-Knowes."

Sir Walter Scott mentions it in his ballad of "Thomas the Rhymer":

"Then all by bonny Colding-Knowe,
Pitched pallions took their room,
And creted helms and spears a'
Glanced gaily through the broom."

And again:

"Sing Ercildoune and Cowden-Knowe."

There was an abbey on the estate, "The Abbey of Coldingham." It is often mentioned in history, as instance in Robert Bruce's fulminations against

such of his subjects as did not return to their allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn, in which is included "Sigillum, Prioress de Coldingham." It may have been the remains of this haughty dame which were found in a niche of the abbey. From the shape of the niche and position of the figure, it was judged to be an immured nun, one of those whom the Church of Rome doomed to be enclosed, with a small amount of food, in a niche in the heavy wall, and the words "Vade in Pacem" inscribed upon the living tomb.

Upon the event of this discovery Sir Walter Scott founded his incident of the doom of Constance de Beverly, so well described in "Marmion."

Adjoining this estate of Colding-Knowe is Earlstoun, formerly Ercildowne, the residence of Thomas the Rhymer, and from whence he fulminated against the family of Colden the curse :

"Vengeance, vengeance ! when and where?
On the house of Colding-Knowe, now and evermair."

Shall we recognize this curse fulfilled in almost the entire extinction of the name ?

The family continued to reside in this locality for several centuries, when they removed to Dunse, Berwickshire, Scotland—a collateral branch remains on an estate adjoining Colding-Knowe—where Cadwallader Colden was born in 1688. He was the son of the Rev. Alexander Colden. He studied medi-

cine, graduating at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1710 came to Philadelphia, where he practised several years. In 1718 he removed to New York, where he held successively the positions of Surveyor-General of the colony, Master in Chancery, and member of the King's Council of that province, and in 1761 was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, in which office he continued almost until his death, which occurred at Flushing, L. I., in 1776.

He was one of the twenty-four merchants who on April 5th, 1768, organized the Chamber of Commerce, in what is now known as the old Faunce Tavern in Broad street; and through his offices, in 1770, George III. granted them a charter. In recognition of this the Chamber got Matthew Pratt to paint the Lieutenant-Governor's portrait, and for twenty years it was the only one they had.

During his term of office a grant of one thousand acres in Orange County, seven miles west of Newburg, was made by "the British crown to its loyal subject, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York." On this land he erected a massive stone mansion, which he named Coldingham, after the English estate, and here his descendants resided until 1860, when the property was sold and passed out of the family.

Of Governor Colden a prominent writer says : "For the great variety and extent of his learning, his unwearied research, his talents, and the public

sphere which he filled, he may justly be placed in a high rank among the distinguished men of his time." His writings in several departments of science attest to his great learning and ability.

Mrs. Murray was a woman of many lovely and lovable characteristics, but of an extremely sensitive nature. A teacher who was greatly attached to her writes these lines :

" Elizabeth comes with a smiling face,
But she is one of the tearful race,
Her eyes too oft do overflow;
And this is the only fault we know."

The following letter is from Mrs. Murray to her two little daughters, Mary and Gertrude, aged respectively twelve and ten years, at school in Flushing. It is interesting from the sad fact that before six months had passed, the mother and little Johnny and Francis were laid side by side in one grave:

COLDENHAM, August 25th, 1827.

It gives me very great pleasure to hear favorable accounts from my dear daughters, that you are enjoying good health and progressing in your studies. I am sorry I have not a better collection of silks to send Gertrude, but cannot conveniently get them here. We have had a very pleasant visit from Uncle Lindley, Aunt Eliza, and Cousin Lindley. Johnny was perfectly delighted to see Lindley. They arrived while the boys were at school, and before they returned uncle, aunt, sister, and myself had set out for Walden, leaving Lindley at home to receive his cousins. Johnny, seeing him

alone, laughed immoderately, and seemed so much amazed, that Lindley asked him if he thought he had run away.

We have not heard from Aunt Jane since she left Sandy Hook. Robert Lindley is better and talks about Mamie and Gertrude, but says he does not want to go in the steamboat to see them. Father and I took him to Walden with us the other day, but the sight of the water, and the ringing of the factory bells, brought to mind former scenes, and he began to cry, and said : "Don't want to go in the steamboat." We could not convince him there was nothing of the kind there, and he was quite unhappy until we had crossed the bridge and were beyond the noise.

Dear little Francis has grown a great deal and is a very good boy. Sister Caroline and grandmother send love to you.

Your affectionate mother,

E. C. MURRAY.

After a marriage of fifteen years, in the winter of 1828, Mrs. Murray, her daughter Mary, and two sons, John and Francis, were attacked with a sore throat of a most malignant character. The boys soon fell victims to the disease, and ten days afterward their mother followed them to the grave. The daughter alone recovered.

After this sad event the afflicted father, with his five young children, the eldest only fourteen, removed to the old home in Pearl street, where his mother had resided since her husband's death ten years previously. During the two years of their residence there the grandmother extended to the orphans all the care her age and infirmities would allow.

In 1816 Mr. Murray was elected a Governor of the New York Hospital, continuing his connection with it until his death, a period of forty-two years, during thirty-four years of which he occupied his father's previous position of Secretary to the Board. His son succeeded him in that office. His interest in the prosperity of this institution continued through life, and his time and strength were largely devoted to its service. The building at this time was on Broadway, between Duane and Worth streets, and was for many years one of the landmarks of old New York, "its green campus filled with stately trees which had withstood the storms of a century, and looked down on the campfires alike of the red coat of England and the buff and blue soldiers of the Continental Congress."

He was also a Manager of the House of Refuge and of the Institution for the Blind. His interest in this latter continued through life, and each week he devoted one day to its service. For a series of years his library was inelegantly and uncomfortably crowded with the articles manufactured by the inmates—mats, baskets, brooms, etc.—which he made an effort to dispose of to his friends, hoping thus to introduce the work of these unfortunates to a market.

In 1830 Mr. Murray married Hannah Wilson Shotwell, daughter of William Shotwell, of Rahway, New Jersey.

REMINISCENCES.

My mother was born in 1790 in Howard street, just east of Broadway, where her father owned considerable property on the south side of the street, extending through to Canal and touching Broadway. It was originally Hester, but that street in its extreme eastern limit bearing no excellent reputation, it was decided by the property holders of that western portion to change the name. To my mother was given the honor of such selection, and Howard, the philanthropist, being then in the zenith of his excellent fame, she bestowed his name upon the street, and thus it has been known ever since.

Her family was English, and the name was originally Shadwell. Nearly three centuries ago, in the reign of the earlier Stuarts, they held the large ancestral estate known as Shadwell-on-Thames. It is now the very heart of London, and the name still clings to it. For some lapse of loyalty—I incline to think espousing the cause of Cromwell—on the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660 the property was confiscated, and the name changed to Shotwell by order of the Throne.

Deprived of his lands, Abraham Shotwell came with his two sons to America, to commence life

anew, and settled in New Jersey. February 19th, 1665, we see his name, as one of sixty "Inhabitants of Elizabeth Town," subscribing to the following oath of allegiance: "Ye doe sware upon the Holy Evangelist contained in this book, to bear true faith and Alegiance to our soveraign Lord, King Charles II., without equivocation or Mentall Reservation."

July, 1683, his property there was thus quaintly described: "Bounded on the North by the Land now in possession of George Jewell, and runs along by his Fence three Chains and one third of a Chain, from thence running upon a South and by West Line twelve Chains to the highway, which Leads towards the Mill or Meeting House," etc.

Those were primitive days. But two years before this settlement of Elizabeth Town, that whole country had been designated in an official document of the Province of New York as that "Great West," and had been purchased in 1664 from the Indians for "Four hundred Fathom of white Wampon." The savage was still on the banks of the Raritan, and their main trail from the coast, the "Minisink Path," was only four or five miles from the new settlement.

Abraham Shotwell was bold and outspoken against the usurpations of Governor Carteret, the first Governor of New Jersey, who thought to rule the infant province at his own pleasure and forcibly coerce a people who "had never been in bondage to

any man." An open and determined resistance was made, in which Abraham Shotwell, strong in his opposition to tyranny in any form, took so active a part, that he was singled out as a special victim of Carteret's wrath. His house and lands were confiscated, and he driven into exile. The Governor assumed to himself his possessions and built thereon his new house.

Abraham Shotwell went to New York, and the Government gave him a grant of land in that province. He died in exile. His two sons survived him. Daniel settled on Staten Island. John, by appeal to Governor Ruddyard, had restored to him the property that had been arbitrarily wrested from his father. He married in New York Elizabeth Burton. From this youngest son my mother was the fifth generation, the family living in New Jersey, and for three generations in Rahway.

In the evening of her life her memory travelled back with curious persistency to the scenes of other days, the sweet influences that encompassed her youth, and the quaint sports of a childhood that almost touched the stormy days of the Revolution. Hand-in-hand she and a sister, only a little older than herself, would loiter on the Stone Bridge just a few steps off at the intersection of Broadway and Canal. It spanned the small stream from the Collect that intersected that part of the city and discharged itself lazily into the Hudson.

Then wandering along its banks, which were not unattractive, until they approached this "fresh-water pond," so deep "that in early times it was reputed to be bottomless," they would skirt its shore, always with the timid hope of just one glimpse of the dragon the wise folk said had his dwelling there. The Tombs now covers the spot. .

This pond was the scene of the trial trip of a small steamer, Fulton's first effort. It circled round and round the little sheet of water, making a good deal more noise than does its huge successor of the present day. But the *Clermont's* first trip up the Hudson in 1807, was an event that fastened itself on my mother's mind with the greatest vividness. The whole city seemed alive with excitement. The story was told of a countryman who was so frightened at the noise of her machinery and paddle wheels, that he ran home to tell his wife that "the devil was on his way to Albany in a sawmill."

Occasionally they were allowed to walk down the Broadway, lined then with trees, to the Battery, where was the Government House, whose brick walls and wooden pillars formed probably the finest structure their uneducated eyes had ever rested upon. And then it was such a delight to wander through the long rows of stiff poplars, a thing of beauty to the citizen of a century ago.

Sometimes they were sent to interview the fam-

ily dressmaker, who lived far away at Greenwich Village, now the neighborhood of West 11th street. Westward of their home were certain salt meadows extending to the river, crossed by a causeway, but this was so often wet by the heavy spring tides that the children would take a lane running northwest over the fields from the old Post Road, or Bowery Lane. Possibly not the most direct, but the most attractive to them was the road by Richmond Hill, the residence of Aaron Burr, and from whence on that July morning, 1804, he went to fight his duel with Alexander Hamilton beneath the Weehawken hills.

She well remembered the business visits of this accomplished man of the world to her father's house, and the errand to his office that she might steal a glimpse at the dapper little gentleman with his funny queue.

It is difficult to imagine these quaint little damsels as they tripped along in their stiff stuff gowns, their white muslin capes, their sleeves extending just below the elbow, supplemented by the silk or Lisle-thread mitts, and very large brimmed hats, beneath which strayed no curled or braided locks.

Occasionally she saw General Washington. Once he and his wife took tea with an aunt of my mother's. I think it was in Philadelphia, while she was visiting there. She remembered distinctly her astonishment at seeing the grand dame, who had pre-

ceded her husband, go into the kitchen at her hostess' request, to induct the black cook into the secrets of a certain kind of griddle cake of which the General was very fond. Those were days of simpler habits than these, and again of the extreme of formalism.

Perhaps the great event of their young lives was an occasional visit to an aunt at Shrewsbury. The only access was by sloop, and the mingling of joy and fear was very amusing as they started on this perilous voyage, the most extended their experience knew, but which with persistently contrary winds was sometimes quite prolonged.

At their ancestral home at Rahway, New Jersey, where they spent their summers, was an uncarpeted anteroom, the floor of which it was my mother's daily duty as a child to scatter with the very finest and whitest sand, and then, with a broom kept expressly for the purpose, curiously stroke the same into designs her fancy might suggest, "angles, curves, and rhomboids." It was quite the habit in those very early days to have one room of a country home thus sanded, as being cooler—a custom borrowed from the Dutch.

In 1830 she married my father, Robert I. Murray, and they moved to Grand street. The ceremony was performed in the Friends' Meeting House. Very striking must have been the contrast as these two stood side by side, the stately woman in her rich,

but perfectly simple Quaker costume, her betrothed in a dark blue coat, gay with its metal buttons, and shirt front heavily ruffled. Two years later they purchased the property No. 96 East 14th street, where they resided twenty-six years. A cousin writes thus amusingly of this event: "I hear, dear Robert, you are going to farming in 14th street, and believed you must have lost your senses to remove so far the other side of creation. I remember nothing of that part of the city but 3d street, so where can your location be but outside the habitable world?" The place was quite remote from the city; cornfields, orchards, and meadows stretched in every direction, and there was not a brick house above them. There were sundry respectable frame dwellings, many of Revolutionary date; among these were my great-grandfather's country residence crowning Murray Hill, and one, of less pretension, occupied by his son. The former was taken down when the Harlem Railroad roadway was cut; the old summer house was standing until the Brick Church was built, corner of 38th street and Fifth avenue.

A low, rambling hill covered the present site of Steinway Hall. Here was a dilapidated frame building, somewhat pretentious, but falling by slow degrees into complete decay. An upper veranda, in a semi-detached condition, swung to and fro in the wind, grating harshly against some gnarled

apple trees, whose intrusive limbs were responsible for considerable of the general ruin. The house was unoccupied, and the wind rioted through the empty chambers, and groaned and wailed so uncannily, that as a child I feared to approach the ruined home in the waning day.

The house was a square building of the conventional red brick, with sloping roof and rather heavy dormer windows. It stood somewhat back from the street, and was approached by a double flight of steps, broken by a terrace. A well-kept garden extended through to 13th street, and was laid out in beds of ancient design, bordered by the old-time box, squarely cut, and in plots of grass. There was a sprinkling of fruit and ornamental trees, grapevines of varieties unknown now, and flowers in abundance. On the west side of the house was a large stable with a paved court in front. Here was one large mulberry tree which afforded sustenance to a colony of silkworms, the pets and amusement of an older sister; an ample hen-house, an object of great interest to my father; and an old pump which supplied us with delicious water. From the upper windows of the house one could see the white sails on the East River flitting to and fro.

Directly back, in 13th street, were two great circular reservoirs, one of wood, the other of brick, which supplied the immediate neighborhood with water in the event of fire, while from the great bell

in the cupola would peal forth the harsh announcement. On the northeast corner of 13th street and Third avenue there stood, when I was a girl, a pear tree said to have been planted by the hands of the doughty Peter Stuyvesant himself. It had become a landmark early in the century, and patriotic care had placed a high iron railing around it. It blossomed and bore fruit, although its years had crossed the border into a past century. On the same avenue, just above 16th street, stood the mile-stone that told us we were just two miles from the City Hall. It would be a surprise to most to know that this defaced relic is still there, so unobtrusive that one may pass it many times with no intimation of its presence.

Where St. George's Church now stands, or perhaps a little south of it, was a lot of water where I used to catch tadpoles, with no suspicion of the embryo frog latent within. At "the Fork," as it was known to us, the junction of the Bowery and Fourth avenue, was the Hay Market, also the terminus of the Bowery omnibus, one of the few lines in the city at that time.

There is a vivid recollection connected with these stages. It was in the days when Fanny Elsler was at the height of her fame. My brother had brought me home a highly-colored picture of the great danseuse. "What does she dance on?" I queried. "On a stage," was the reply. Then I can see her,

I thought—my only conception of a stage was one of this line of omnibuses. But I had been educated in the belief of the absolute sinfulness of all “stage performances,” and how to satisfy my conscience was perplexing. But the temptation was too strong, and I determined to be naughty and abide the consequences.

So one cold winter's day, when cloaked and bonneted for a play in the field opposite, I flew down to “the Fork” with the wild intensity of a stolen pleasure. There I awaited the stages upon which the renowned Elsler was to dance ; but they came and departed at intervals of perhaps fifteen minutes, but never any woman attired in airy fabric was gyrating upon the top. It was tedious waiting, and my conscience was quite uneasy ; but the “dancing woman” would surely come, for had not my brother seen her on these very stages ? But the desire was still ungratified, when a maid, sent to find the truant child, arrived on the scene, and I was obliged to return home, still firm in the belief that on those Bowery stages Elsler danced.

It might puzzle a later generation to know how we kept warm during the long, cold winters, with only open grate fires and Liverpool coal, very beautiful to look upon, but not giving out much heat. We seemed to somehow, but our childhood was a hardening process, for the older members of the family claimed the first circle around the blaze.

Nor had we any gas then. On the centre of the parlor table always stood the tall astral lamp, and wax candles on the mantel, while small oil lamps were used for bedroom purposes.

Incredible as it may seem, cattle were driven through the streets in large droves then, and pigs had the entire "freedom of the city," with the privilege of rooting and wallowing at their own sweet will. Apropos of this I remember a fact in illustration.

I was walking down the Bowery to church one Sunday morning with my youngest brother, a youth ten years my senior. Perhaps I had reached the mature age of eight years. One of the delectable beasties just mentioned was fleeing madly before the onslaught of some boys, and in his wild flight rushed blindly between my feet, giving me a sudden and unexpected uplift and seating me squarely on his back. Then, in increased terror at this self-imposed burden, the frightened porker scampered down the street, bearing the horror-stricken child with him, who, following the instincts of self-preservation, clung tenaciously to the animal.

The procession of quiet church-goers, finding their ranks invaded by such an indecorous pair, hastily scattered, gazing with amazement upon such an unorthodox means of Sabbath locomotion; and even when the child was ignominiously dis-

lodged, I presume they still believed it had been a self-sought excursion piggy-back. It was many a year before I heard the last of this adventure.

My mother was a handsome, stately woman, and one of the most beautifully adjusted characters I have ever known. She was strong in her religious convictions, and faithful and consistent in maintaining them, always preserving the dignity of her womanhood intact. She was an ideal Christian. I never saw her temper ruffled; I never heard from her lips one word of idle gossip, or one remark that would detract from another's fair fame. While always self-poised, she was never self-absorbed, but her sympathies were quickly responsive to a genuine grief, for pre-eminently was hers that beautiful possession,

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

Her Bible was a close companion, and her verbal knowledge of the Old Testament was surprising. It was her habit, just at dusk, to retire to her room for an hour, and there, unseen by any eye, find "the sure relief of prayer." It seemed as though here she went into the immediate presence of her Lord, and was never sent empty away, for it was from this hour she drew the strength that enabled her to meet the cares and perplexities of life with that unwavering calmness which was such a marked characteristic of her whole life.

She always adhered strictly to the Quaker costume. A dainty muslin cap encircled the placid face, from which the brown hair was brushed smoothly back, a book-muslin kerchief with its three plaits crossed her bosom, while over the soft woollen gown, without a single adornment, fell the heavy silk shawl of one undeviating color, a pearl gray. At her side, but not worn ostentatiously outside as was once a custom, was a most capacious pocket, where all good housekeepers carried such things as they wished to have immediately at hand; also, suspended by a silver chain, a pair of pointless scissors, and a round pincushion encircled with a silver band with the name of an ancestor upon it. These fell within the pocket. The scissors and silver chain and band, she told me, were nearly two hundred years old.

The activities of her strong maturity she shared with several charities, but home interests were never neglected. She was for a long while connected with the House of Refuge, and for many years one of the Ladies' Committee of the Institution for the Blind. She was also a Manager of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and for eighteen years a member and the last secretary of the "Female Association of New York." A little account of this Association, which was the parent of the present public school system, may be interesting. A memorial sent to the Legislature defines its objects.

This memorial states that in 1798 but few schools existed in New York City for the "literary amelioration" of the children of the poor, and these only parochial, and "conducted on sectarian principles, thus excluding a large portion of the population." This Association therefore turned its "attention to the establishment of a school for female children, open to all who were proper objects of a gratuitous education. They accordingly opened a school of this description in the year 1800, and as no seminary of the kind had previously existed in this place, the 'Female Association' may be justly considered the pioneer in this great work."

The first meeting for organization was held at the house of my grandfather, John Murray, Jr., March 21st, 1798; my grandmother, Catherine Murray, being appointed treasurer, which office she held nineteen years. It was not until May 19th, 1800, that the committee reported that they "had rented a room at the rate of £10 per annum," and opened their school. They had "engaged a widow woman, Theresa Gavan, of good education and morals, as instructress, at a salary of £30 per annum, with wood."

May we not accord to this woman the honorable distinction of being the first public school teacher in the city of New York?

For the first six years the periodic scourges of yellow fever, alluded to in the records of the time

as "the great sickness," which visited the city, caused several intermissions in the sessions of the school. There was also difficulty in finding wage-earning women of sufficient education combined with disciplinary power to instruct and control children in any large numbers. Their training in this line has been of more recent date.

In looking over the carefully kept record, we find donations for its support are received from a curious variety of sources: Beekman Town, Jurors' Fees, De Witt Clinton, Butchers of the Fly Market, etc., with a gift of twenty-five Bibles from the New York Bible Society accompanied by the following entry on the minutes: "It being the wish of the Bible Society, that all the Bibles they present to the public shall be acknowledged in the public newspapers, the following is prepared," etc.

The children were instructed in sewing, and among the articles of which there is frequent mention made are "Chin-stays and Vandykes," both of which have disappeared from the wardrobe of the citizen of to-day. Samplers were a large item, and on the occasion of a donation from Col. Henry Rutgers the Association directs "Juliann Carmen to work a sampler for presentation to this gentleman, as an expression of their appreciation of his kindness."

In 1817 there were six hundred girls in their four schools, but at this time the present public school

system had been several years in existence, and the Female Association was participating in its funds. The Association continued its schools until the year 1828, when, the necessity no longer existing for this separate effort, they were closed.

To her stepchildren my mother was a loving and a just mother. It was not until I was a large girl that I knew the tie that bound me to her was closer than that which bound the others, and well do I remember the indignant denial that flew to my lips at its first mention, and the great grief when the fact was forced upon my acceptance. Of the youngest son, a child of five years when his father married the second time, his wife writes: "He never knew what it was to miss a mother's love and tenderness, and the tie existing between stepmother and son was equally strong on the part of both. She watched over his boyhood and youth with loving kindness, and in return it was his delight in manhood to minister to her comfort and smooth the path of her declining years."

The following letter is but one of many written to the children when away at school. This was dated only a few months after her marriage :

I received my dear Mary's interesting letter and avail myself of the present opportunity to reply. The girls have long letters preparing for thee, and this will seem like a "twice-told tale." We are very comfortable in our new house. The nur-

sery is on the first floor, where the boys are privileged to do pretty much as they please.

Robert Lindley is now at my side, arranging some cards. I asked him what I should say to his sister; he replied, "Tell her it is half-past three o'clock by my watch." We are gratified that thou art happy and contented, and thy father remarks an evident improvement in thy writing. May thou, my love, be as much distinguished for the amiability of thy disposition, thy refined and conciliatory manner and correct deportment, as for a commendable advancement in thy literary pursuits.

Aunt Jane expects to sail for England with Uncle Frank on the 8th. It was a hasty conclusion. We all took tea last evening at the Square. Grandmother Murray sends thee a pair of battledores. I think they demand a written acknowledgment. Coldenham is indeed very pleasant. Thy father, grandmother, and sister entered into a little conspiracy to deceive me with regard to the Mansion House. They asked me what I imagined it looked like, and I had just finished an ideal description when it came in view. I pointed to it and said, "I suppose it might be about such a looking house as that." So thou sees my conception of it was pretty correct.

Thy affectionate mother,

H. S. MURRAY.

She was very patient with us all as children. I so well remember the gentleness but firmness with which she met my unconquerable aversion to going to bed—the night was so gruesome. She would take me herself, first leading me into the library for my father's good-night kiss, and then waiting while I would climb upon his lap and he would sing, not very melodiously, the old rhyme, "Rock-a-bye baby, On the tree top," etc., when with the

concluding line, "And down came baby and cradle and all," I was summarily deposited on the floor. It was an expected culmination, and no further protest was allowed. Then there was the familiar "Now I lay me," the good-night kiss, and the child was left with the darkness.

Once, in my mother's absence from home, upon my nurse, a Romanist, devolved the duty of hearing the nightly prayer, concluding with "And this I ask for Jesus' sake." At its conclusion she queried, "If a person wanted something very much would they ask you or your mother?" Very naturally I answered, "My mother." "Then," she replied, "you should ask the mother of Jesus for what you want." So specious was the argument, so exactly such as would appeal to a child, that I was at once convinced, and substituted for the usual formula this, "and this I ask for the sake of the Virgin Mary." I can imagine the shock to my mother's most orthodox mind when on her return I repeated to her with much satisfaction the revised rendering.

I loved this dear mother very intensely, and once when she was away I undertook to write her a letter. Opening her desk, I extracted the very largest sheet of paper—and they were very sizable in those days—and after dipping my pen a great many times in the ink, and making one or more blots every time, thus commenced: "My dear mother, my only

parent except my father." Here was an epitome of affection, the child was satisfied, and although only five or six years old, I well remember the complacency with which I regarded these printed words, crowded in one corner of the sheet and encircled with blots.

My mother was a strong advocate of absolute temperance in everything, but when it became a question of indulgence in alcohol in any form, total abstinence was her rule, and with these convictions there was no compromise. I was once with her on a shopping expedition, and was left in the carriage while she went in the store. Some one with us bought some sweet cider, and I was treated to a small glass. It seemed an innocent beverage; I tasted it, enjoyed it, and appropriated the whole. When my mother rejoined us I expatiated on the delicious draught. Annoyed at my evident relish for it, she read me a strong temperance lesson, portraying most vividly the dire effects of indulgence in such pernicious drinks.

With profound astonishment I listened for the first time to "the tale of the cup," and believed all these terrible results were sure to follow from that one glass of cider. I felt myself a sinner, possibly past redemption, and quite believed I should go staggering through life. Indeed, it seemed probable I should never again be able to walk steadily. Then and there I insisted on getting out of the carriage,

to see just to what extent my powers of locomotion had become demoralized, and on the return home required the opinion of every member of the family as to the steadiness of my gait.

Our summers, or a portion of them, were spent at Coldenham, taking the *Mary Powell* to Newburg—there was then no other communication—and then the drive of seven miles, generally arriving at the “Mansion House” long after dark. How well I remember the little hair trunk with its brass nails which carried my modest wardrobe.

The house was a massive stone building, set quite too closely to the broad, dusty turnpike. A century ago there were but few travellers on the lonely road, and such relieved rather than disturbed the monotony of the home life. There was a small, roofed porch in front, upon which always stood two extremely quaint chairs.

The old-fashioned divided door with its big brass knocker introduced you to a heavily wainscoted entrance, which again opened upon a great hall whose ample dimensions suggested “the merrie, merrie days of yore,” the late supper, and the dance prolonged till after midnight, perhaps intruded upon by the phantom lady, who once every year at that spectral hour, tradition asserts, issued forth “from her chamber, clothed in white,” and gliding through the house, vanished as mysteriously as she came. What was the history of the ghostly lady, or why,

unblessed and unshriven, she was forbidden the usual repose of the dead, I know not. A small corner room on the upper floor was held sacred to her presence, and in the history of the house was always known as the "white room."

The walls were very heavy and the windows small and deeply set, the window panes in proportion, on many of which the diamond had scratched the name of a guest. On one was George Washington and Gitty Wynkoop, done probably as they sat side by side on the deep window seat. There were curious cupboards, and famous fireplaces where the wind rioted madly, or the great logs flamed and roared through the winter days.

When quite a girl I remember sitting far into the night in one of the large front rooms, reading Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." I was alone, and so absorbed in the frightful tale that there was no note of the hours as they flew, of the dimming light, neither of the embers slowly expiring on the hearth. Suddenly I found myself almost in darkness; it was cold, the storm was beating with a rat-tat-tat upon the window panes, while the wind wailed and shrieked without. For one terrible moment I imagined the horrid creation of the authoress, in his wild flight through the world, was in the darkness without and demanding admittance, while in every fading shadow the "white lady" appeared.

Mrs. Susan Kearney, when an elderly lady, related

this little incident, which has its humorous side. When a young girl she and Miss Buchanan, of Baltimore, afterward the wife of Chancellor Sanford, were visiting at the Mansion House. One lovely summer afternoon there arrived Washington Irving, then unknown to fame, Julian C. Verplanck, and Mr. Paulding, all members of the famous Salmagundi Club, and intimate friends. They had come to pay their respects to the ladies of the house, intending only an afternoon call.

The girls were agreeable, the minutes stretched themselves into hours, the hours flew swiftly by, and at what seemed to these young men a surprisingly early hour, tea was served. Mrs. Colden very cordially invited them to remain, and without demur the invitation was accepted. The evening passed all too rapidly, and the "wee sma' hours" of the night were upon them, when the hospitable hostess urged her guests to prolong still further their stay, and remain until the morning. Nothing loath to tarry amid so much that was charming, they accepted; indeed, their stay extended through still one day more.

The evening following, after the gentlemen, it was believed, had retired for the night, the girls, always ready for a frolic, suggested a picnic supper in the kitchen. The idea was a capital one; it was at once acted upon. The wide stairs which led immediately into this lower department from the

great hall, were so constructed that the person descending could not get a glimpse of the room until ushered into the very presence of its occupants.

Just as the young girls were in the height of their merry-making, they heard the door above quietly open, and stealthy footsteps coming down the stairs. First one pair of faultlessly booted feet, then a second and a third, and an instant after three embarrassed and astonished young men stood in their midst. Their coats were buttoned closely up to their chins, and each carried in his hand a neat bundle of what had been immaculate linen. Ignorant of the little coterie in the kitchen, they had come down intending to ask the charitable offices of Chloe, Clarissa, and Isabel, the three slaves who presided over this department, to make them presentable for the morrow.

The young Salmagundians flushed slightly in the presence of such an awkward position; then realizing there was no escape, they broke into a hearty laugh, and with ready tact joined in the merriment of the occasion, their fair young hostesses making them welcome to the hospitalities of the kitchen.

As an honest confession seemed the most sensible thing to do, they explained their errand, making a good joke of it; but so soon as they decorously could they departed, confiding each his neat little bundle to the tender care of Chloe and her sable comrades. In the morning, when they made their reluctant

adieux, it is needless to say these young men were attired in well-laundered linen.

A sweet grandchild came to our home in my mother's later years, and this little life she cherished with exquisite tenderness. It was touching to see the affection which existed between the little boy and the dear grandmamma, whose hairs were already whitening for the grave.

When only three years old he was attacked with a disease which quickly reached a fatal issue. It was a late September afternoon. The child had been lying motionless for some time. Through the western windows the sun was streaming, just touching the golden curls of the boy, which were thrown carelessly over the pillow. Suddenly he opened his large eyes, "so deep, so beautifully blue," and a joy beyond the joy of earth flashed over his face. "Grandma, grandma!" he cried, "I see mamma. She's beckoning to me. I'm going, grandma, going to mamma." His mother had died when he was an infant, and he could have had no recollection of her. And then, as though he knew the sorrow this would bring, he laid his little hands on hers, and his last words were, "But Heavenly Father will take grandma too." And He did, but not until she had nearly reached her fourscore years and ten were they united in "the palace of the King."

My father was a man of undeviating method ; it

entered into every phase of his life. He arose at precisely the same hour every morning, generally two hours before breakfast, took a cold bath, after which he spent just one-half hour sawing wood, which had been prepared for him the night before—he considered this a valuable exercise—and then retired to his library, where he passed perhaps an hour over his Greek Testament, preferring the text of the original to any translation. This was supplemented by a reading from Bogatsky, which was profusely marked, indicating the thoughtfulness with which it was perused.

It might almost be said his memory strengthened with age, for, contending vigorously against its natural decline, he devoted a portion of each day to study. Greek, Latin, and French were equally familiar to him, and works in these languages were in constant use. I never saw him with a work of fiction in his hands. Indeed, so strong was his principle or prejudice against this class of literature, that upon the promise of a handsome gift of historical works he extracted, not forced, from me a promise to abstain from all this kind of reading until I was twenty-one. Of course the pledge freely given was conscientiously kept, but I well remember just the tinge of guilt that rested on my conscience, when, at the expiration of the embargo, I read with a consuming interest "The Mother's Recompense," by Grace Aguilar.

My father was singularly destitute of the poetic instinct; he had absolutely no recognition of its merit. On the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage my mother wrote the following lines, and in his absence placed them on his desk. The day passed, and the next, and no intimation that they had been read. So she ventured to ask if he had seen them. Covered with confusion, he was obliged to confess that he had opened the sheet, but seeing it was verse he had indefinitely postponed the reading, and then—they were forgotten. She smiled, but there was a mental resolution that she would waste no more poetic sentiment on so unsentimental a husband.

“ Yes, thirteen years this very day
Thou pledged thy sacred vow,
In presence of that Holy One
Before whom all must bow,
Thou wouldst be faithful, kind, and true,
With aid from Him above,
To her who stood beside thee there,
Confiding in thy love.

And she responded to that vow,
’Twas registered on high,
And fervent was the prayer that He
Would bless the sacred tie.

And if our portion here below
Should be a “ southern land,”
That “ springs of living water ” might
Distil at His command.

And as our future years revolve,
An impress may remain,
Of many, many added links
To pure affection's chain.

When to the quick, elastic step
Succeeds the cautious tread,
And locks of silvery whiteness fast
Are clustering round thy head,
These may but serve to bind her still
More closely to thy side,
Than the bright dawn that sheds its beam
On manhood's opening pride.

But there's a cement holier still,
A fellowship divine,
That when the mandate is proclaimed
"Thy stewardship resign,"

Will reunite our spirits in
Those regions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

New York, March 10th, 1843.

My father's charities were large, but so unostentatious, that it was only on looking over his charity account after his death that we had any knowledge of the large proportion of his income thus appropriated. Although not very much of a talker, he was social and genial; the quick humor so prominent a characteristic of his early manhood continued with him all through his life. His time belonged largely to the public, his philanthropic

interests occupying a great many hours of each day, and these were continued up to the last week of his life.

In 1844 he sailed for Europe with his youngest son, Robert Lindley, in the ship *St. Nicholas*, intending to join his brother Lindley on the Continent. From the bleak hills of Scotland to the green shores of the Bosphorus, Europe was thoroughly and intelligently visited. Robert Anderson, then unknown to fame, was their companion through Southern Europe, and many a long tramp and a rough scramble they had with the dignified hero of Fort Sumter. After nearly a year's absence the father and son returned to America.

In 1847 my youngest sister, Gertrude, developed the first symptoms of acute pulmonary trouble. She was taken South in the hopes of arresting the disease, but so rapid was its advance that in but little over a year she died at her home in Westchester County, aged only twenty-nine.

She breathed her last in my mother's arms, to whom she was tenderly attached, her last words, "I think I am going. A kiss from you all!" And then at intervals, "Beautiful City! Sweet Jesus! Glory! Come, Lord Jesus," and then—forever at rest.

She left two beautiful boys, David Colden and Murray, four and two years of age. They came with their father at once to our home. The

youngest died within two years; Colden lived to be seventeen.

In the year 1856 my father fell in stepping from a car, breaking his collar bone and disabling him generally. He recovered from this, however, but only to meet with a more serious accident a few months later. He had mounted a small ladder to replace some books upon the upper shelf of a high bookcase in his library. When near the top he lost his footing, falling heavily to the floor, and inflicting an injury to his hip from which he never entirely recovered. His health continued precarious, but the regular course of his pursuits was rarely interrupted. His energies never failed, and his spirits, always buoyant, supported him under severe suffering.

Saturday, January 21st, 1858, he attended a meeting of the directors of the Bank of North America. As he was very late to dinner, I inquired what had detained him, he was so invariably punctual. He replied: "I have been at a bank meeting, and after the others had gone I remained with George Newbold and John Oothout longer than I knew. We talked of the old days, of the many years that have passed since we were boys together, and how very little of life is left to us now."

The next day my father appeared as well as usual. He went out in the morning, and after dinner, drawing his chair to the fire, composed himself

for a nap. In an hour his wife was summoned with the word that he felt ill ; and soon becoming alarmingly affected, a physician was summoned, who pronounced his disease erysipelas, giving no encouragement of recovery. The trouble had at once attacked the brain. Insensibility ensued, and although he lingered until Thursday, his family realized it was but the struggle of a strong constitution with the inevitable.

He died without apparent suffering, in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving four children—Mary M. (Ferris), David Colden, Robert Lindley, and Sarah S. Murray.

A circumstance, not without significance as a proof of a recognition after death, occurred at this time. We have mentioned the interview with Mr. Oothout on Saturday. Sunday morning both he and my father were out ; the same afternoon both were attacked with a fatal illness; on Thursday morning both passed away, my father, so far as could be ascertained, just the instant before his friend, neither having had any knowledge of the illness of the other.

As the family of Mr. Oothout was leaving his bedside, supposing the spirit had departed, they were arrested by a slight motion. The father lifted his hands and opened his eyes, which beamed with an expression of glad recognition as he exclaimed, in a clear voice, "Robert Murray, Robert Murray

There's my old friend Robert Murray!" The eyes closed once more, the hands fell heavily, and the glory of heaven burst upon the two friends as they entered together the courts of their God. Mr. Newbold passed away only a few weeks afterward.

On the announcement of the death of Mr. Murray to the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital, the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Governors are impressed with the great value of the punctual, faithful, and laborious services of the deceased, to the institution, extending over a period of more than forty years as a Governor, and as Secretary for more than a third of a century.

"*Resolved*, That these services, so extended and so important, justly entitle the deceased to be considered a great benefactor to this charity, and that these services, and those rendered by the deceased to kindred institutions, will ever be held in thankful remembrance by his associates and the community.

"JAMES I. JONES,

"*Secretary pro tem.*"

At a meeting of the Managers of the New York Institution for the Blind, Mr. Allen communicated to the Board the painful intelligence of the decease of Mr. Robert I. Murray, for nearly twenty years a member of the Board, and offered the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That this Board receive with deep regret the painful intelligence of the decease of their highly esteemed fellow-laborer in the cause of the blind.

"*Resolved*, That in Robert I. Murray the blind have lost a most highly valued friend, and the Institution a long-trying, faithful, and efficient officer.

"*Resolved*, That the members of this Board will ever remember with esteem and affection the punctual attention to duty, the practical good sense, the goodness of heart, and the genial kindness of manner which rendered their departed friend so useful as an officer, and so agreeable as an associate.

"*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be communicated to the family of the deceased friend.

"*Resolved*, That it be referred to the Committee on Instruction to inquire if there is any good portrait of Mr. Murray, and if so, procure a photographic copy of it and have it properly framed and hung up in the Managers' room.

"From the minutes.

"GEORGE F. ALLEN,
"Secretary."

The following is from the *Evening Post*:

"Robert I. Murray, whose death at his residence in 14th street in this city Thursday last has already been noticed, was the son of John Murray, Jr., also distinguished in his day as a philanthropist, and a nephew of Lindley Murray, the grammarian. He was born at his father's country place on Murray Hill in this city, and at the time of his death was seventy-two years of age. For twelve years of his life he was engaged in business in New York, but since the year 1826, when he retired from active mercantile life, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to works of charity, public and private, in which he was deeply interested.

“In 1816 he was elected one of the Governors of the New York Hospital, as his father, grandfather, and Uncle Lindley had been before him, and discharged its duties with characteristic fidelity until his death.

“He was a Manager of the House of Refuge until his resignation in 1853, and of the Institution for the Blind until his death. He was also one of the Advisory Board of the Colored Orphan Asylum from its foundation. Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, is indebted to him as its active friend in this city at its origin, and he was for some years one of its trustees. In discharging all these duties Mr. Murray was diligent, punctual, and faithful.

“He was a man of strongly marked character, his intellect clear and vigorous, his memory astonishingly tenacious, and few who have known him will forget him. He belonged to a class of men rapidly passing away, men of active benevolence, of conservative and firm patriotism, and intelligent devotion to the real necessities of his fellow-men. His loss cannot be easily repaired.”

After my father's death my mother and myself moved, the succeeding May, to the house 114 East 29th street. The old home in 14th street was purchased by the corporation of Grace Church, and a chapel was erected on its site. Here we lived twenty-one years, or until my mother's death.

In the long twilight of her age the shadows deep-

ened, and for several years before her death she was very often a great sufferer ; but the sympathy she had always felt for the suffering of others, was only equalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The sharpest paroxysms of pain were borne without a murmur; indeed, it was rarely even a groan escaped her, but often these lines from Duchés' Birthday Ode, which she had learned in childhood:

“ God of light and God of love,
Aid me by Thy power divine,
Send Thy Spirit from above,
Help a feeble child of Thine.”

And then, as though in her extreme agony she feared she had almost lost her grasp of her Lord, she would exclaim:

“ My Jesus, I love Thee,
I *know* Thou art mine.”

At last the close came. There had been a few days of insensibility, and then, as we watched, there stole over her face an expression of such gladness that we felt we were looking upon the meeting with her Lord, a reflex on the mortal of the spirit's first rapturous glimpse of the King, eternal, immortal, invisible—the darling mother had entered into the everlasting joy and peace, to go no more out, satisfied, glorified.

One of the religious papers published the following notice:

“At her residence in New York City, May 15th, 1877, Hannah S. Murray, widow of Robert I. Murray, in the 88th year of her age. Dedicating herself in her early years to her Lord, the strength of her days was given to His service, and at eventide, sitting at her tent door, she quietly awaited His coming. Green in old age, the love of her Saviour so filled her heart that it overflowed to those around her, and expressions of thankfulness and praise often fell from her lips for mercies received, while in her humility she frequently exclaimed, ‘Why to me such blessings, Lord?’ Notwithstanding her advanced age, she manifested a lively interest in the welfare of her own church, and rejoiced in the revivals within its limits, being wonderfully delivered from the bondage of fear, and standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free. The ministry of such a life deepens in every heart confidence in the power of religion to lay hold on all sides of our nature, and fashion us for the position in which it is His good pleasure to place us.”

LINDLEY MURRAY,

youngest son of John and Catharine Murray, was born in the city of New York, January 5th, 1790. When quite young he became a partner of his brother, Robert I. Murray, in the wholesale drug business, under the firm name of Robert & Lindley Murray. Shortly after, his brother retired from business, and David T. Lanman became his partner, under the firm name of Murray & Lanman. Mr. Murray continued in business until his death. In 1813 he married Eliza Cheesman, of New York. She died leaving seven children—Anne Eliza, Katharine, Margaretta, Lindley, Jane, Hannah, and John.

Mr. Murray in early life became interested in the education of the poorer classes in New York City. At his father's house in Pearl street, on the 19th of February, 1805, the first meeting was held to extend the benefits of education to all who were excluded from the various parochial schools already established. This was the origin of the free school system.

With zeal and promptitude the committee attended to the duty assigned them, and in a few days called a second meeting and organized a Board, of which De Witt Clinton was President and John Murray, Jr., Vice-President.

Mr. Murray aided his father in this important work, and continued a faithful worker in the cause to the end of his life. He was Secretary from 1818 to 1837, Trustee from 1816 to 1845, President from 1845 to 1847.

After Mrs. Murray's death, Mr. Murray, with his little children, went to his mother's to live, where he remained until after her death.

In 1832, August 9th, at Friends' Meeting House in Flushing, New York, Mr. Murray was married to Mary Anne King, only daughter of Joseph and Mary King.

Mr. Murray, his wife and children, removed to Rutgers place, New York City, where they continued to reside during Mr. Murray's lifetime.

They had four children—Mary, Joseph, William, and Edward.

Mr. Murray's health began to decline, and in the hope of recovery he took his daughter Margaretta, and with her spent a year in Europe. Not finding the benefit from the trip that he had expected, in the autumn of 1846 with his wife he went to Madeira in the vain search of health. They returned by way of the West Indies, stopping at the island of St. Thomas, where he died May 17th, 1847, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His remains were brought home and buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

CAROLINE MURRAY,

the eldest child of Robert and Elizabeth Murray, was born in Cliff street, New York City, April 11th, 1813. Her mother writes of her as an infant :

“Coldenham air has been of very great service to our little darling ; she daily improves and becomes more interesting, but is getting spoiled very fast. She now has a bed by my side, but I find I am not so wakeful as I might be, for her grandmother frequently comes in to her when she is coughing, and I know nothing about it.”

Two years later she writes :

“Last evening we had a large party at Aunt’s. It was a very stormy evening, but Bob (an old slave) enlivened them much with his violin. The piano, too, was a great resource. Miss Clinton played and the gentlemen sang. I left our little daughter with her grandmother. She behaved like a lady all the time. She is a sweet little chatter-box ; amuses us very much. Her grandfather is dotingly fond of her. I told him yesterday I believed we must put trousers on her and call her little Alexander.”

And again when Caroline was a child of thirteen, at school in Flushing with her two younger sisters, her mother thus writes her father :

COLDENHAM, August 20th, 1826.

My Dear Robert :

I have been thinking a great deal of my dear Caroline. What a gratification it would be for her to be present at her Aunt Jane's marriage! She will be old enough to take an interest in it. I do not think she could lose much by it, and the pleasure to her would be great. I think we can reconcile the matter to Mary and Gertrude. They certainly would not be so selfish as to refuse their sister that pleasure because they cannot enjoy it themselves. Take them a supply of crackers and round-hearts, and I dare say you can easily prevail on them to consent to their sister's leaving them for a short time.

Your loving

BETSY.

Of the life of the children at this time we have little note, but we can fancy their delight when, one day in the year 1823, a package arrived from England, a present for Caroline from her Aunt Hannah Murray—a beautiful wax doll; not with the childish face and attire such as children of that day, and our own as well, are accustomed to find in their waxen playfellows, but a veritable grande dame in feature and pose, in the court dress of George II.—the gown of figured brocade, exquisitely fashioned; laces and jewels, and coiffure adroitly arranged in the style of the era. At that time the doll was supposed to be sixty-seven years old, and is now in possession of her daughter Gertrude, in good preservation, and a never-failing source of interest to old and young, a real curiosity, and in itself a very pretty antique.

We smile as we recall the destiny of another gift from over the seas that came to this same group of children. Their aunt, Jane Colden, had married Captain Francis Allyn, who had the rare good fortune to be an intimate friend of General Lafayette, and soon after her marriage she accompanied her husband to "La Grange," where for some weeks she was the guest of the General and his family at this his beautiful and historic country seat. The letters from there are fascinating in interest, and doubtless these children, as certainly those of the generation following, were familiar with pictures and tales of the life at La Grange.

Here Madame George Lafayette, daughter-in-law of the General, was accustomed to pass the summers, and here met Mrs. Allyn, and through her must have imbibed some interest in her trio of little nieces in far-off New York, as she sent them a gift in the way of a tray of chocolate ornaments, which these same children, thinking less of preserving a souvenir for posterity than of the tempting chocolate, proceeded summarily to devour. Perhaps just here some extracts from their aunt's letters from La Grange may be of interest. The following to her mother, Gertrude Colden, under date of October, 1826, announces her arrival at La Grange:

"I receive every attention possible, and La Grange presents the beau ideal of what I have

ever considered could contribute to happiness on earth. We arrived here last Sunday. Colonel Carbonel, a friend of the family, escorted us out in one of the General's own carriages. I was received as affectionately and was as warmly welcomed as my heart could desire. I only fear that from their condescension and kindness I may sometimes forget the respect due to the Noailles and the Lafayettes."

In a letter, November 10th, still from La Grange, she speaks of the serious illness of M. de la Steyrie, the husband of the second daughter of General Lafayette :

"The illness of M. de la Steyrie has of course cast a gloom over La Grange. The piano is never opened, and the coming dance discontinued; but there are so many amiable affections displayed in their family intercourse that their society is always delightful. It is enlivened also by Monsieur and Madame Benjamin Constante, who have always lived in the great world and have a fund of anecdote. M. Constante is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, author, and bel-esprit ; Madame, a German lady, goddaughter to the late Queen Charlotte of England. She is a woman of talent and information, and yet quite simple and unpretending in her manners. Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Greene, daughter and grandniece of General Greene, are still the only Americans besides myself.

"After dinner, which is at 6 o'clock, the family

spend the evening together in a circular salon in one of the towers, which is enlivened by a bright wood fire. We young people gather around the table with our work. Madame Constante generally places herself at the chessboard for the beginning of the evening, Monsieur Levasseur being her opponent. The General and Mrs. Shaw fight over again the battles of the Revolution, and Madame de Maubourg knits stockings for the poor. Madame George is occasionally in and out, sometimes talking to one, sometimes to another. M. George keeps up the ball of conversation, and M. Constante sometimes reads the papers, sometimes talks, sometimes laughs, and sometimes takes the chessboard when his wife leaves it.

“At 9 exactly the tea equipage makes its appearance, and at 10 we separate. Tea is much more customary in France than formerly. I thought it was only adopted here as an American habit, but the young ladies inform me, though not a general custom in families as it is here, yet it is always served when they see their friends. At 10 in the morning we meet again in the salon, and descend to a large apartment on the ground floor, where dinner and breakfast are always served. The breakfast differs very little from the dinner, except that there are no removes, and that coffee with milk is served after it, at table, while after dinner it is served, without milk, in the salon. It takes

some time to get reconciled to eating soup and drinking wine at 10 in the morning, and staying one's appetite with a piece of roasted mutton or a meat pie, but it is absolutely necessary, for you get nothing again until dinner. General Lafayette and Madame George, according to French custom, sit opposite each other at the middle of the table, and the guests of most note at their right and left; Madame de Maubourg and M. George at the two ends. At dinner the meats are served first, and the vegetables and pastry together afterward. You of course take but one thing at a time, though you are expected to eat of a variety of dishes. Your plate is changed incessantly, but your knife and fork never, except, because you are a foreigner. This is the most grievous thing to me, and—don't laugh at me—one of the French customs that I find most difficulty in conforming to.

“After breakfast we return to the salon and spend a short time together, and then, after reading the different newspapers, take a walk, or separate to our different apartments. It is astonishing how time flies. After visiting those who have not been down to breakfast, giving an English lesson, or receiving a French one, it is one-half after 4, and too dark to do anything without a candle. The family generally rise early, but my fire is never made until 8 o'clock, which obliges me, not at all against my inclination, to be a

little lazy, as it is too cold to employ one's self about anything without one. I occupy a room in one of the towers, immediately under the General's library. It is hung around with pictures of the naval victories of the Americans over the English. It is one of the best rooms in the house, I believe, and an Englishman being on a visit here this summer, it was arranged for his accommodation. They laughed very heartily afterward at the delightful subjects of contemplation which had been accidentally afforded him. 'But if he visited at La Grange he must expect to meet with such things.'"

We introduce the following, of November 30th, as an illustration of General Lafayette's unfailing interest in the United States :

"I have passed nearly four hours to-day in reading American newspapers, and have scarcely gone over one-third of those which arrived by the last packet. I feel that it is a very great loss of time, but they are a very great temptation, particularly as General Lafayette is so kind as to send them to my own room, and when I get engaged in their detail I forget how time flies. *The American* and *New York* are forwarded to him regularly, *The National Gazette* of Philadelphia, and *The Intelligencer* of Washington, and a paper from Ohio. It would delight you to see how much amusement they afford him. He not only takes an interest in the political articles, but enters into the little detail of every-day

occurrences with pleasure—what might be called the chit-chat of the papers—and sometimes laughs at himself for doing so. There is quite a contrast between the crowded columns of the immense American papers and the skeleton journals of Paris, which in size and appearance very much resemble the old Colonial papers.”

In 1828 Caroline Murray lost her mother. After this bereavement, she, with her father and younger brothers and sisters, removed to her grandmother's home in Pearl street, and here, at the age of fifteen, we find her conscientiously and devotedly sharing the care and training of the children with her aged grandparent. The following letter to her sister Mary, written when only seventeen years of age, indicates the maturity of her character and the responsibility assumed. Her father had just married again, and a house had been purchased in Grand street, which the family were soon to occupy :

MAY 2D, 1830.

My Dear Sister:

What has got into thee that thou has not written to us ? I almost made a vow that I would not write until I received a letter, but perhaps I did not sufficiently impress on thy mind the fact that thou need not expect to receive letters from me continually without any regard to the number thou sends to us. I suppose M—— is now with you. I hope she is a suitable companion. But, my dear Mary, do be careful to choose thy associates from among those girls whose example will be of service to thee, and who will not interfere with thy duties.

Be kind and affectionate to all, endeavor to gain the love of thy school-fellows, but do not mistake the motive that induces thee to commit an act to oblige a girl, contrary to the guidance of thy conscience. Endeavor to keep thy temper; rather bear a false imputation than resent it too strongly, for thereby you commit a fault perhaps greater than the one you wish to ward off, and furnish your antagonist with an argument against you. Remember, to bear and forbear is a Christian virtue. But presume not upon thy own strength; seek for aid where alone thou can find it. . . .

The day before yesterday I was up at the house (in Grand street) almost all day. To-morrow Mary Ann and I are to go there early in the morning to spend the whole day. Father made me a present, the other day, of a very handsome bureau with a glass on it, and I have measured my room a great many times to see how much of it the bed will take up. The yard is but small, a circumstance we all regret, and none more than father; but small as it is, he insists upon having the pleasure of pulling some radishes out of his own garden. We are determined, however, not to let him encroach too much upon the flower department. In order to make the best of this, the "Hints to Juvenile Gardeners" is conned every day, and every morning the first thing after I go down-stairs is, to see whether anything more has made its appearance above ground, in a box in which I am endeavoring to help forward the plants. If any one was to take up this letter they would smile at the particularity with which little things are recorded.

I never told thee that Uncle Frank would not wear thy guard with his old watch, but he now wears a very handsome one graced with thy chain. Father and mother took tea here this evening [Caroline was still at her grandmother's], so I could not begin to write very early, and now I believe every one of the family has gone to bed but me. Give my love to

About this time she became engaged to Lindley Murray Ferris, and was married in the new home on May 31st, 1836.

We have but to view the exquisite costume of white satin in early century style, and the daintily embroidered gloves and belt, to fancy the winning personality, the central figure of the merry party that thronged the 14th street home on that spring evening, and overflowed into the spacious grounds back.

A little later, after the return of the bridal party, a reception was given them at Grove Farm, fifteen miles from New York, and the ancestral home of her husband's family. We hear of the gay company of friends and cousins who drove up from town, under the chaperonage of the bride's father, and easily imagine the mirth and laughter that echoed through the spacious hall, floated up the quaintly pretty Chippendale staircase, and grew softer as it surprised a tête-à-tête in the retreat of some deep window seat. Even the breeze from the Sound, odor-laden, as in passing it lightly touched the blossoming chestnut and locust boughs, crept in at the casements and breathed a welcome to the latest bride. Who shall say how many had claimed it before her, in the two centuries since, by the grace of Queen Anne, the estate was granted to the family?

Perhaps two years later Coldenham was re-

opened to receive the young couple, and there followed years of a family life of peculiar loveliness, the fragrant memories of which rest like a benediction upon all who remember them. Murray, the eldest child, was born in New York; the others, Robert, Gertrude, Caroline, and William, at Coldenham. Once more children's voices echoed through the old home, and made glad the "North Woods" and "The Grove," where with their mother, their idolized leader, they made such happy expeditions in quest of wild flowers and woodland treasures, which, with an intense love of nature, she taught them to prize. The old garden sprang into new life under her care and training. Family and friends once more flocked to Coldenham, in response to the warm bidding of the young host and hostess, the old home renewed its youth, and loving hearts tried to believe that the shadow they saw approaching might be stayed.

A delicate constitution had for some years subjected the wife and mother to frequent attacks of illness, and the anxious eyes of husband and friends could but detect the ever-failing strength, and lack of power to recuperate. In January, 1851, she experienced an illness so serious that it was thought best to try a sea voyage, and a temporary residence in a more salubrious climate. Her husband accompanied her, and amid the attractive surroundings of Southern England, and the soft breezes of the Isle

of Wight, they tried to win back the health and strength that had passed beyond recall. For years after, the transplanted ivy from Netley Abbey, clinging to the gray stones of Coldenham, the fuchsias and the white rose tree from the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter," recalled sadly but most tenderly, to the bereft husband and children, those days in the Isle of Wight. Somewhat improved, Mrs. Ferris returned with her husband to her father's house in New York, where they remained until the spring called them home to Coldenham.

Gradually failing through the summer months, a severe cold in the autumn confined her to her room for a month previous to her decease, October 30th, 1852—a month so full of sacred memories, the pen hesitates to cross the threshold. Suffering borne without a murmur or a questioning word, the whole atmosphere of her room was one of heavenly peace and sweetness, so in touch was the saintly spirit with a life beyond or ever it had passed from this. Calm, triumphant, happy,

"The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes,"

she saw her "Pilot's face" or ever she had "crossed
he bar."

MARY MURRAY,

the second daughter of Robert I. Murray, was born at the Mansion House, Coldenham, August 21st, 1815. She was a person of a strong and dominant will, of a mind of considerable grasp, with a good deal of executive ability united with great persistency of purpose. She had more of her father's vivacious temperament than any of his children, and when young was the least easily controlled. But all these characteristics, when consecrated to God's service and mellowed by His Spirit, made her an exceptionally fine woman.

When only eighteen years of age she became enthused with an interest in the colored people, then in sore bondage in the United States, and she made the amelioration of their condition a life work.

In 1837 she was associated with Miss Anna H. Shotwell in the establishment of the Colored Orphan Asylum. This institution, struggling through a prejudice which few charities could have survived, scorned and maligned because it attempted to elevate an oppressed race, now stands a noble monument to the untiring energy of these two young women, whose stout hearts and strong principles, under God's blessing, alone achieved its first success. As an illustration of this pluck and independence, we give an incident of their early efforts.

Through bitter opposition they had secured a frame building in 12th street for their Colored Orphans' Home, and were looking around for suitable wards. One little girl was consigned to them under deplorable circumstances, and great was their joy of heart in securing this first orphan.

At the Almshouse, then occupying the present site of Bellevue Hospital, were eleven colored children under ten years of age. These were subjected to cruel indignities in consequence of the bitter race prejudice. Armed with the proper authority, Miss Shotwell and Miss Murray, with Miss Hetty King, always a courageous ally, presented themselves at the gate of the Poorhouse and demanded the children. The little group was gathered for inspection. But a difficulty presented—three of these were mere infants, quite unable to walk, and no conveyance was at their disposal. But they must be removed, and then.

The girls looked at each other in some confusion, when Miss Shotwell, the eldest of the group, exclaimed: "I know what we'll do: I will carry one if you will take the others." Without a word of demur, the brave young women lifted each a black infant to her arms, and, followed by the older eight, walked through the streets of New York to the Home in 12th street. In 1837 this part of the city was quite suburban, and it is possible they may not have met many on their independent tramp. But

under any circumstances it was a plucky thing for these girls to do. This institution has since become one of the most prominent and successful charities of New York, and in its fifty-seven years has given shelter to many thousand children.

In 1845 the Association built in Fifth avenue, on the west side, occupying the entire block between 43d and 44th streets. Opposite was the old Bull's Head. It was not an elegant vicinity. The neighborhood was unimproved, and Fifth avenue unpaved and often in a shocking condition. Mary Murray and Miss King, soon after the completion of the building, finding themselves on the opposite side of the avenue, and unable to reach their destination in consequence of the bad condition of the roadway, in which condition it had been for some time, concluded to make an effort to improvise a crossing.

To effect this they collected from a neighboring field a lot of large stones, and built a rude causeway which was of service all winter. As the world of wealth and fashion rolls by to-day on the well-paved street, a solid procession, how difficult for them to imagine, fifty years ago, two delicately reared girls and two pairs of dainty hands thus working their way over the swimming avenue!

The building erected by the Association was commodious, although greatly extended to meet the increasing needs. It stood a little distance back,

with a terraced lawn in front, and, until destroyed by the mob in 1863, was a very pretty feature of the avenue.

These three days' reign of terror will never be forgotten by the citizens of New York. The City Guards had been drawn off for the battle of Gettysburg. The immediate pretext for this outbreak of lawlessness was the opposition to the draft. A mob suddenly collected, and for three days the city was at the mercy of a band of lawless men and women. The outcry against the draft was followed by "Down with the Abolitionists! Down with the nigger! Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" The negro was hunted down, maimed or killed; no quarter was given him.

Miss Murray continued her connection with this institution as its Treasurer, and one of its most efficient Managers, until her marriage.

In 1838 she was associated with seven others in the organization of the "Friends' Anti-Slavery Society," one of the pioneers in this cause. The following is an extract from their minutes:

"Believing slavery inconsistent with the Gospel, and sinful in the sight of a just God, and 'as the Northern as well as the Southern States are deeply involved in the guilt, it must be considered a national crime of awful magnitude. We have deemed it our duty to exert our united efforts to enlighten those with whom we have intercourse, and awaken

in them a Christian sympathy for the victims of this barbarous custom," etc.

She remained an active and efficient member of this association during its seven years' existence.

When the anti-slavery agitation was at its height, and an animosity almost demoniacal was felt for the friend of the slave, contrary to the advice of her family, who feared for her safety, she attended in May, 1838, a meeting in Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia, presided over by W. L. Garrison. We quote from a letter of his to his mother describing this occasion:

"Satan has come down in great wrath in the 'City of Brotherly Love,' knowing that his time is short, yet he has not been permitted to harm a hair of our heads. On Wednesday evening there was an immense audience, some drawn there for deeds of violence, others to gratify their curiosity by seeing the speakers, especially 'the notorious Garrison,' your 'fanatical' son-in-law. Nearly three thousand people were in the hall. When I rose to speak I was greeted with applause. As soon, however, as I had concluded my address, a furious mob broke into the hall, yelling and shouting as if the very fiends of the pit had suddenly broken loose. Afterward they retreated into the street, and, surrounding the building, began to dash in the windows with stones and brickbats. It was under these appalling circumstances that Mrs. Chapman rose, for the first time in

her life, to address a promiscuous assembly of men and women. She was succeeded by A. E. G. Weld. As the tumult from without increased, and the brickbats fell thick and fast, her eloquence kindled, her eye flashed, and her cheek glowed, as she devoutly thanked the Lord, that the stupid repose of that city had at length been disturbed by the force of truth.

"The meeting broke up about 10 o'clock, and we all got safely home. The next evening the mob, increased to several thousands, set fire to this huge building, and in the course of an hour it was a solid mass of flame. No water was permitted to be thrown upon it."

April 13th, 1854, Miss Murray married Mr. Lindley M. Ferris and went to Coldenham to reside. In the spring of 1861 the family removed to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where the remainder of her life was passed. She entered almost immediately into the benevolent enterprises of the place, being one of the founders of the "House of Industry," and its first President, and for fifteen years an officer of the "Bible and Tract Society." She continued her connection with these through life.

For the last fifteen years her health was precarious, but she was able to devote much time to the interests that were so close to her heart. One winter was spent on York River, Virginia, and two in Florida. During the last winter in Jacksonville,

her health was sufficiently restored to allow her to identify herself with the interests of the colored people in that place, and she did much active work.

Toward spring her husband, whose health had been poor for several years, grew rapidly worse, and on March 1st he expired.

For the last two years of Mrs. Ferris' life there was a gradual decline. In September she went to the home of her sister-in-law, Westchester County, to spend a few days, *en route* to New York, where she hoped to meet a sister on her arrival from Europe. But this was not permitted. She was attacked with an acute illness, and after five days quietly passed away, September 26th, 1881, leaving two children, Mary Murray and Elizabeth Colden Ferris.

DAVID COLDEN MURRAY,

the oldest son of Robert and Elizabeth Murray, was born in Cliff street, October 10th, 1821. "He laid the foundations of an excellent education at Haverford College, where he graduated very young, afterward constantly reinforced by reading, study, and travel. His was emphatically what old-fashioned phraseology would term an elegant mind. It seized and kept the valuable part of knowledge, and had always a faculty of presenting what was most agreeable. His cultivated and witty conversation suggested rather the perfected utterances of a scholar or writer, than those of a man whose life was passed in active pursuits and in the busy world of men and women. To the industrious life of a man of affairs were added the self-imposed duties of a philanthropist, and to the invalid in mind and body he consecrated many hours of each busy week. In his family circle he was the amiable, sympathetic, and humor-loving friend in the hours of joy; by the bed of suffering and death, the tender, sympathetic and strong, reliable heart." The above was written by a connection who had opportunity for knowing him intimately.

After his education was completed, he made a number of voyages to South America in the interests of the firm with which he was connected. The

following letter was written after the arrival out on his first trip:

SANTA MARTHA, June 18th, 1842.

Dear Father and Mother :

The United States brig *Boxer*, having stopped here, affords me an opportunity of writing. We arrived out after a pleasant passage of twenty-two days—I mean as pleasant as possible for a sea voyage; for although I was not seasick, I became heartily sick of the sea. We spent ten days in Rio de la Hachas, a small, mean town containing about 2,500 negroes, about 500 Spaniards and Indians, and perhaps three dogs for each person. The only thing that varied the monotony for me, was an excursion about thirty miles into the interior to the plantation of the gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction. He was very polite, showing me everything that would be interesting to a foreigner. But I had a very unpleasant time returning, for my guide took me a long distance from the road, and then kept me on horseback, or rather muleback, from 3 in the morning till about noon, the last three hours of which were over burning sand and under an almost vertical sun. The forests are very fine. A species of magnolia tree grows very large and luxuriantly, perfuming the whole air, and the monkeys, parrots, and various other animals equally noisy, keep up a perpetual din.

We arrived here on the 10th. I am staying at the house of the American consul, a very kind man. But I am anxious to get back to the United States. It does not take long to see all that is to be seen in such a country as this, and then you can so seldom hear from home. The thermometer ranges from 90° to 95°, and they say this is the pleasantest season. This is a miserable scrawl, but thick ink and quill pen must apologize.

Your affectionate son,

D. COLDEN MURRAY.

It was very evident that afterward, in many ways, this tropical land possessed for him a great charm. The open-air life, the enjoyment of the varied scenery, the luxuriant growth of plants and flowers, together with the spice of adventure, so mingled with day dreams as to relieve their monotony, made it irksome to exchange life on the Spanish "main," for the rush and tumult of a business career in New York.

Great facility for acquiring languages was one especial advantage which enabled Mr. Murray to make himself easily at home in foreign countries, and to affiliate at once with the inhabitants. Some time after his final return to the United States he continued to make computations in Spanish, and he has said his dreams were in that language. A very great taste for astronomy was also gratified in the study of tropical skies, which in those latitudes appear to sweep down lovingly over the earth, seemingly almost within its touch.

He relates that after a day's journey through the dense forest on horseback, on one occasion night overtaking him, he threw himself down to sleep by an improvised fire. At dawn, after a heavy sleep, remounting his horse, he was surprised at the weight of one of his boots. On investigation he discovered the boot to be full of blood, and a small but deep puncture in one of his toes. A native, his companion, at once recognized as the work of

the vampire bat this deep but painless incision. To soothe the pain of their nocturnal attacks, these considerate vampires, it is said, fan the wounds of their victims with their wings.

The following letter describes quite graphically some of his experiences in this southern land :

SANTA MARTHA, May 8th, 1843.

Dear Sister Mary :

Here I am still shut up in this oven, and the prospect of my leaving does not brighten. The people have lately become frightened about earthquakes, comets, Miller, etc. There have been curious coincidences, it is true, calculated to excite the fears of the ignorant, and every account is consequently exaggerated. We heard last week that the Cayman Islands had totally disappeared; that a mountain, two hundred miles in the interior, had sunk. We have felt several shocks, and Mr. Robeson and myself sleep outside the house. You cannot defer any important business here, as a man may come in to see you, and no matter how busy you may be, he will sit and talk for an hour and more about things of no importance, and without any apology.

I intend leaving this place to-morrow for Baranquilla, to remain some time. I have been impeded very much by its being the great festival season in the Catholic Church. On our arrival came the Carnival, when you could not go out of the house without getting painted from head to foot, clothes and all, with black, red, and every other color imaginable; nor could you stay in the house without considerable danger, as the painting parties will not scruple to force open a door if not firmly fastened, and woe to the uninitiated unfortunate who gets angry when his fate overtakes him. Then comes Lent, when almost every day is devoted to some saint, when

it is impossible to do any business. Then Holy Week, the same in kind, only worse, when it is not allowed to mount a horse in the city. The most ludicrous ceremony of the whole is the last, the death of Judas. He is hung up in effigy at daylight and suffered to hang till 10, when a match is lighted and "he bursts asunder in the midst" in the form of rockets, blue fire, etc. This continues about five minutes, when the whole body takes fire and is reduced to cinders, amid a shower of stones and brickbats.

Father says I am enjoying the warm weather of the tropics; it is rather enduring, for in travelling on land we have nothing but horseback, and on the water only an open bungo or canoe. From all accounts you must have had a brilliant view of the comet, "the most brilliant that has appeared within the recollection of man." I have sent some bay water in my trunk; mother knows what it is to be applied for—curing headaches. My love to all the family. Why did you not let Sarah write?

Your affectionate brother,

D. COLDEN MURRAY.

On his return trip, September, 1843, the vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico. We leave M. E. W. S. to tell the story. The details, furnished by Mr. Murray himself, are correct in every particular. This appeared in *Harper's Young People* under the title of

UNCLE ARCHIE'S CANE.

"That is a very singular cane of yours, Uncle Archie," said Adrian one day, as the former sat twirling a Malacca joint between his long white

fingers. "The eyes of that little dog follow me around wherever I go," continued the boy, looking at the cane.

"Yes, Adrian," said Uncle Archie, looking himself at the little dog's head which surmounted the cane. "They are queer, aren't they? They have followed me, too, nearly around the world." The eyes of the little pug twinkled strangely at this. One of them was made of a carbuncle and the other of an agate.

"Do tell us the story of the cane, uncle."

"I left that cane on board a bark at Carthagena, June, 1842, and found it October, 1843, in the harbor of Balize. I had been in South America some time and wanted to come home, so took passage on the brig *Eclipse* with Bonito, a Spanish Englishman, and a Swede, Ringstrom. The captain had died of yellow fever, and the mate was in command. He was stupid and obstinate, and unwilling to listen to any advice. One night a low, souging wind foretold a storm, and the next morning a heavy gale was blowing. The third day, about midnight, the man at the wheel gave the alarm, and I sprang from my berth to see a long line of white breakers just ahead. It seemed scarcely a minute before we were on the rocks, the masts falling, and our brig going to pieces. We faced death that night in one of its most awful forms. But the first shock over, we found we had been

carried up high on the reef, above the breakers, and perhaps might be able to save our lives. Our large boat was stove in. We had only one little boat left.

“‘A raft! a raft!’ said the Swede; ‘we must make a raft.’ In five minutes we were all at work. We hastily roped spars, oars, everything together, and under the pressure of a heavy sea, the ship parting more and more every minute, we finally got the raft in shape, and with a vigorous plunge and a pull, put the boat on the raft; for if we had launched the boat, the hungry rocks and angry waves would have gnawed her to pieces at once. We had barely time to throw on the raft a bag of biscuit, and a barrel of water which had to be put in an old molasses cask. This made it bad from the very first. A sailor pitched in a small anchor, and a piece of sail cloth.

“‘Money!’ said Bonito. ‘Take some money.’

“And here I must pause to say that from the moment we struck, the fop had become a hero. Cheerful, courageous, thoughtful, we all noticed how helpful he was. But I did not think that his present suggestion was a good one. What should we want of money? Could we eat and drink doubloons? The shining gold pieces for which I had been working so hard seemed to mock me with their uselessness.

“‘We shall want them if we ever land,’ said Ringstrom. So I hastily tied up a few of the gold

pieces in a small bag, and dropped them into the pocket of my coat, leaving by far the greater number on the cabin table.

“ ‘We must draw lots, boys, for the boat,’ said the captain, staggering toward us as a fresh sea swept over us. We all tumbled over the side of the ship on to our raft, which carried us safely over the breakers into smoother waters. Then, casting lots as to who should have the raft, we slid the boat off, and the captain, Bonito, Ringstrom, the black cook, and four sailors and myself got into her. Our poor comrades on the raft were never heard of again. When we last saw them, their chances seemed as good as ours.

“We started for Jamaica, rowing. Now, Jamaica, according to my calculations, was forty miles distant, but we soon found we could do nothing that way, as the prevailing winds and currents were against us. The mate was ill and lay quite useless in the bottom of the boat. We were wet all the time. The sun was hot by day, and the nights were cold. Our bag of sea biscuit was wet through with sea water, and our barrel of molasses water had fermented. We suffered horribly from hunger and thirst, and from our cramped position. We put up an oar, nailed it in its place as well as we could, and rigged up a sort of sail from the piece of sail cloth. So we sailed away before the wind. Three days and nights passed.

We saw nothing but sky above us, and water, water everywhere. The storm had cleared.

"Bonito was the life of the boat. He was cheerful, helpful, uncomplaining. The Swede was calm and unmoved, and helped me to keep the log on the fly-leaf of Blunt's 'Coast Pilot.' We made our reckoning by the stars and sun, and our colored cook, whom we called the doctor, showed remarkable talent for measuring distances.

"The captain was soon joined in the bottom of the boat by another sick man, who groaned and raved with incipient fever. To ease his pains I took off my coat, and wrapping it about my bag, gave it to him for a pillow. Our little company had elected me captain, and I doled out the miserable water and the soaked biscuits to each man. Not a word of grumbling, and no revolt as yet.

"One night, however, as I awoke from a troubled sleep, the 'doctor' crept up to me and whispered that the sick sailor was plotting treason. He had stolen my gold, and the others were to share it. They had also taken all the knives and marlinspikes to their part of the boat, and intended to kill us. I communicated this information to Bonito, while appearing to write the log. He suggested, with ready wit, that the 'doctor' should go forward and contrive to throw the knives overboard, and that I should then and there declare that the gold was missing. Ringstrom was called, and, under cover of consulting

him about the log, imparted the plan, which he approved.

"Bonito commenced singing a comic song which was a great favorite with the sailors, and the 'doctor' went forward with our one tin pan to get a ration of water. With a quick and dexterous movement he partially fell into the water, and catching at the knives and marlinspikes threw them into the deep sea, and they sank out of sight. One ruffian roused and struck him a blow on the head, sending him back over the prostrate body of the captain.

"'Order there!' I sang out from the bow; 'no quarrelling among yourselves.'

"The men muttered sullenly. Bonito took my place in the stern, and Ringstrom and I blundered amidships, I asking for my coat, as though I were cold. The sick man groaned and gave it up reluctantly. 'Here, take mine, my man,' said Ringstrom. 'I do not suffer at night as Mr. Campbell does.' After putting on my coat I affected to be surprised to find that my money was gone, and reported it to the captain. Just think! These conspirators were not further from me than across this small room.

"Matters went on thus for a day and a night. Bonito, Ringstrom, and I slept alternately, and all watched these men with ceaseless vigilance. And now another and terrible danger began to assail us

—the horrors of thirst. Our molasses and water had fermented and made us deadly sick.

“At length I determined to make a great noise about the money. So, rousing my fainting energies, I talked to Bonito quite loudly one evening about having that money back, and the brave fellow, who never lost his courage or his spirits for a moment, gaily said: ‘I should not wonder if we heard that money clinking in the pan to-night.’ And so we did, and the ‘doctor,’ among the miscellaneous uses of the tin pan, utilized it as a contribution box, and in the darkness of the night the doubloons were rattled into it, and it was shoved toward me.

“We were now approaching Honduras, and the great reef, which runs along in a parallel line sixty miles from the coast, was just before us. A dark, rough night and a flying surf, and upon us there settled a general gloom. We had now been out nine days. The lookout at the bow could see nothing, and asked leave to come in and huddle with the rest of us—a permission which was granted, hopelessly and sadly.

“When lo! a grating noise—the breakers! We had struck, and every man, by a sudden instinct, jumped into the water and held on to the boat. She beat over the reef. A tremendous thump—one more and she would have gone to pieces. Some power carried us over into smooth water. We scrambled

into the boat, anchored, and waited for the morning.

"By the daylight we saw an island, apparently about six miles off, and made our way there as well as we could, hoping to get food and water. On reaching it we pulled the boat ashore, to find her very much damaged. We sent the men up into the island to make discoveries. They found nothing but wild mangoes and a few cocoanut trees, whose fruit afforded us both food and drink. There were some shellfish, of which we ate sparingly, being afraid of them, and there were no means of cooking them.

"We now knew we were across the great reef that guards Honduras, and entering our boat we set sail for the main shore. A trade wind from the east helped us, and we soon saw the mountains and the rock-bound coast of Honduras. But now came the difficulty of finding a landing. Should we go north or south? We determined to go south, and so coasted along another weary day. Hope began to die out, when lo! from behind a little inlet came a long dug-out canoe with one sail, manned by two little darkies. I have seen proud navies since, splendid men-of-war, great steamships, but I have never seen any nautical craft so attractive as that dingy little affair.

"We made for the dug-out, but the little darkies were afraid of us and tried to get away. However, we headed them off, and after a short explanation

got from them the most precious of treasures to us—a jug of water. Then, producing one of the now useful doubloons, we asked them to take us to the nearest settlement. They spoke a broken patois of English and Spanish, and said they came from Mullins River, eighteen hours distant, and finally consented to take us into their dug-out, which seemed spacious after our boat.

“I shall never see a bit of scenery so beautiful as Mullins River, a pretty negro village on piles, and the old colored ‘Mammy’ who cooked for us. We were wretched objects. Not one of us could stand erect: we could only crawl. Even the negro boys almost cried when they saw what pitiful creatures our sufferings had made of us. We had travelled, we found, one thousand miles in that open boat.

“In all our suffering I never saw that good fellow Bonito quail. He had shown the noblest self-devotion, the truest courage. The fop was a man, and a brave one too; but safety overcame him, and the moment the dug-out reached the land he cried and laughed like a baby. The Swede, Ringstrom, was calm and unmoved, but his strength was gone. He crawled to the negro cabin and silently lay down on a pallet, from which he never rose again. The next day he died.

“The old negress kindly set before us coffee, and bread and eggs, but we could not eat much; water seemed the thing we craved. We remained with

these kind negroes three days, and by that time had gained considerable strength; we could walk like men.

“We got the negroes to take us to Balize in the same dug-out which had saved our lives, and there we found an American consul, who kindly gave us a room in his house until we should find a vessel going home.

“Finally it was reported to us that the *Charles Hammond* was in the harbor, and I rowed out to inquire if the captain could take Bonito and myself to New York. He asked me to come into his cabin, and there I saw this cane. Yes, these eyes were winking at me, and my Malacca joint and I, after a separation of a year and a half, after having travelled some thousands of miles, met in one of the smallest places in the world—Balize.

“‘That’s my cane,’ said I.

“‘I guess not,’ said the captain. ‘I got that from a man in New York, who said it was loaned to him by Captain Avery, of the *M. W. Brett*, at Copenhagen, one evening when he was going to a sailors’ ball, and he forgot to return it, so brought it to New York. He handed it to me and said, if ever I saw Avery, I might give it back, as a passenger had left it with him at Carthage.’”

“‘Well, sir,’ I said, taking this old Malacca in my hands and looking into the pug’s eyes, ‘this is my cane, and I will prove it to you.’ So I took out an

old, weather-beaten notebook which I had carried many years, and showed him this entry :

“ ‘Carthagera, June, 1842. Left my cane on the *Martin W. Brett*, Captain Avery. Wonder if I shall ever see it again.’ The captain smiled and took up the cane once more.

“ ‘Wall,’ said he, ‘this feller seems as though he kinder recognized you. Guess you may take him.’ This, boys, is a true story in every respect.”

Disasters at sea were not uncommon events in Mr. Murray’s life. Five times he sailed for the port of New York without reaching the wished-for haven. Still his love for travel remained undiminished, and he crossed the ocean fourteen times.

In 1853 he married Miss Mary E. Sherwood, a daughter of the Hon. Samuel Sherwood, of New York City, a lawyer well and favorably known.

Mr. Murray had several severe sicknesses in his life. An attack of yellow fever in South America proved almost fatal to him. He ascribed his cure to the herbs and simples given him by an old negro woman, when more scientific attendants despaired of his restoration. An attack of Roman fever, contracted in Rome, was even more serious, and his life was despaired of, but his good constitution and natural buoyancy of temperament enabled him to triumph over disease.

The summer succeeding this illness Mr. Murray

passed in a lengthy tour in Northern Germany and Russia, returning through Poland *en route* to Paris. Nijni Novgorod at that time was the terminus of the Russian railway from Moscow, and the last civilized point through which passed the forlorn bands of political prisoners and exiles *en route* to Siberia. The annual fair held there, which collects venders from all the neighboring Eastern states, in the costumes of their respective countries, offering for sale indigenous wares, is an impressive spectacle, one never to be forgotten.

Mr. Murray often alluded to the wonderful contrast in this vivid scene of every-day life, with its Babel of tongues, its careless gayety, and hum of many voices, as compared with the silent but crowded barracks not far distant. A recent political revolution in Poland had filled this wretched wooden structure with human beings of both sexes and all ages—boys and girls in their teens, sober matrons, and venerable men. They were generally quiet, but at times the sound of a wild hymn of supplication would burst forth, when the thought of their awful fate was borne in upon them, and they realized that they would leave behind them life and hope, when they began their weary march to Siberia.

In later years Mr. Murray's very busy life as head of a steamship company in New York, and his connection with many benevolent institutions,

made his absence from the city at all times difficult, and often impossible. He was for twenty-eight years Secretary of the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital, succeeding his father and grandfather in that office. His portrait, painted for that institution, now hangs on the walls of its gallery of portraits, commemorative of men who have been distinguished in its service. He was also connected with the Seaman's Friend Society, and other minor interests. In 1856 he was elected Treasurer of the New York Dispensary, which office he filled continuously for twenty-nine years. After his death this institution offered a graceful tribute to his memory in the shape of a memorial adopted by the Board of Trustees, stating that "since the incorporation of the New York Dispensary in 1790, many earnest and zealous men have been members of the Board, and that David Colden Murray was conspicuous among them, for the large share of his life which he freely devoted to the administration of an unpretending and silent charity. He was wise in the counsels of the Board and untiring in his labors. He was always ready to do what ought to be done to promote the efficiency of the Dispensary. His long experience, and unsurpassed fidelity, will always be memorable in the history of the New York Dispensary."

Mr. Murray was a member of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, the Church of the Deaf-Mutes, and a

vestryman for many years. He was one of the Directors of the New York Club in its early days, one of the founders of the St. Nicholas Club, and a member of the Union League Club, and Yacht Club.

For some months before his death there had been indications of a serious trouble. Surgical skill proved unavailing, and he died August 17th, 1885, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, leaving no children.

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY,

the youngest son of Robert I. Murray, was born in Cliff street, New York, November 11th, 1825. This was at that time one of the most attractive portions of the city; the claims of business had not then encroached. When only three years old, his mother and two little brothers died of a malignant sore throat, and were laid side by side in one grave. Two years later her place was supplied to him by his father's marriage to Hannah W. Shotwell, and he never knew what it was to miss a mother's tenderness.

He was very attractive as a child; his flaxen hair fell in long curls, while his fair complexion and rosy cheeks formed a beautiful setting to the deep blue eyes. His disposition was so gentle that his mother says she never heard him speak an unkind word; yet this was from no sluggishness of temperament, for he was fearless and daring, and always ready to enter into any athletic sport.

The following incident is an illustration of the sweetness of his disposition: He was playing upon the sidewalk. A carter in passing attempted to tease the child by throwing a lot of sand over him, and this he repeated every time he went by. Driven from his playground by the annoyance, he took refuge with his mother. A basket of choice

pears had just been sent in and were lying on the table. Regarding them thoughtfully a moment, he looked up brightly with the question, "Can I have one, mother?" She gave him two, and noticing the eagerness with which he took them, leaving the house at once, she went to the window to see what disposition he would make of the fruit. He waited quietly until his tormentor appeared, and then, running up to him, put the pears in his hand and returned to his play. It is unnecessary to say the child suffered no further molestation: the law of love had triumphed.

In 1838 he entered college, but his constitution was not vigorous, and the close application to his books brought on such a severe attack of dyspepsia, that he was obliged to return home in 1840, and the physicians forbade his resuming his studies.

When quite a lad he had been thoroughly indoctrinated by an older sister with the sin of slavery, and while at college introduced the question in his debates and essays, finally forming the resolution, that consistency demanded that he should entirely abstain from the products of slave labor, remarking, "Whoso knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." It was considerable of a cross, for the youth thus subjected himself to curious criticism, and ridicule. But he never compromised with principle, and the resolution once formed was strictly adhered to.

One of the intimate friends of his youth says of him: "His influence was uniformly on the side of right, while from his genial manners and pleasant way of putting things, he could always say what he pleased. We knew that he would never judge us harshly, nor speak sharply to us, however much we might differ, and he was always welcome. Looking back now, I perceive he always made us better and more thoughtful by our intercourse with him. He made his own position apparent, and yet I hardly know how he did it."

As a workman on his place remarked, "He had the whitest soul I ever knew."

In 1845 he sailed with his father for Europe, and entered very fully into the enjoyment of these new and delightful experiences. Of the trip he thus synoptically writes:

"What eventful months have the last nine been to me; how many 'a mountain path' have I trod during that time; how many 'a varied shore' have I sailed along; how many a clime visited, 'fair withal as ever mortal had imagined,' and, with feelings that cannot readily be described, upon how many of the most remarkable places of the earth have I stood!

"I have passed through the length of 'bonnie France,' and revelled amid the inexhaustible delights of Italy, that delicious land—

“The garden of the world, the home
Of all art yields and nature can decree.’

“I have gazed, awe-stricken, into the very crater of Vesuvius, and wondering threaded the streets of Pompeii, that ‘city of the dead.’ I have stood within the Coliseum’s walls, ‘amid the chief relics of mighty Rome,’ feeling at the time my heart run over ‘with silent worship of the great of old.’ I have hailed with delight Calypso’s realms, although ‘her reign is past, her gentle glories gone.’

“I have gazed exultingly on Morea’s hills, and a pilgrim pensive, but unwearied, have worshipped ‘all that remains of thee,’ ‘shrine of the mighty,’ Greece! Though but the shadow of thy former self, though but the ‘sad relic of departed worth,’ yet thy wreck and thy ruin are still graced ‘with a charm immaculate, that can never be effaced.’ I have been where Troy once stood. I have seen the ‘desert of old Priam’s pride,’ and ‘looked on Ida with a Trojan’s eye.’ I have joyed to plough through Helles’ waves, albeit in a most unromantic steamer, and have had a tear to drop for thee, poor Leander, and thy Sestian bride.

“From Marmora’s waters I have looked upon old Stamboul, ‘that, sheening far, celestial seemed to be,’ and have stood within her oriental walls. I have revelled among the beauties of the enchanting Bosphorus, with a measure of Pizzaro’s feelings on first coming in sight of the waters of the Pacific. I

have climbed to the summit of the Giant's Mountain, and seen thy sheet, 'dark Euxine,' unrolled beneath my feet. I have been tossed to and fro upon 'fair (?) Adria's waters,' and have bent mine eyes upon thee, land of Albania, 'thou rugged nurse of savage men.'

"I have stood in Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and with Rogers have hailed the turrets of Verona, breakfasting 'where Juliet at the mosque saw her loved Montague.'

"I have communed with Nature in her loveliest, as well as in her wildest mood. Delighted I have revelled amid the immaculate loveliness of Central Germany, and amid the wild grandeur of the Alps of the Tyrol. On Bernard's rude summit have helped the monks 'to count their beads, and eat venison,' and in one glance sublime, have looked from the top of the Rhegi upon the whole of splendid Switzerland, spread out as it were beneath my feet. Wondering and delighted I have gazed upon the hoar glaciers of Mont Blanc, and have seen the Jungfrau 'rear her never-trodden snow.'

"I have sailed upon the bosom of thee, fair Rhine, thou 'exulting and abounding river'; have stood upon thy fields of blood, 'dread Waterloo,' where nations combated to make one submit, and with a sort of thrilling horror have gazed upon the awful Golgotha erected in thy midst, where are 'rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent';

and last of all, have hailed the white cliffs of our fatherland."

In May, 1849, he married Ruth S. Taber, of New Bedford. In a letter written soon after his engagement, he says: "I thankfully acknowledge that feelings of sweet satisfaction and encouragement have been given me in the retrospect of the important step we have taken, and the evidence is strong of the approval of Him who is higher than we." Their married life, continuing through twenty-five years, was one of great happiness.

In the financial crisis of 1857 his firm, like so many others, was obliged to succumb, and the shock coming suddenly upon him produced a severe illness, from which his convalescence was slow, confining him to the house for months. During all this time, when he felt it so important to be up and doing, no murmur escaped his lips. Leaning on his Lord, he could say:

"Ill that Thou blestest is most good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
So it be Thy sweet will."

In 1865 a country home at Chappaqua, Westchester County, was purchased, and here their summers were afterward spent. It was from this home nine years later, one August evening, he went to attend the annual meeting of the New Castle Bible Society,

of which he was President. On his return he was heard singing a hymn as he passed the house on the way to the stable. Forgetting he was driving a young horse, he threw down the lines before the man reached him. The horse started and ran some little distance, throwing him with violence to the ground, and dragging him some distance. When assistance reached him, he simply remarked, "Only my leg broken."

He was carried to the house, and the surgeon arriving soon after, the limb was set and he was left in comparative comfort. His wife asking him if he could cast this care upon Jesus, he answered with a bright smile: "Oh, yes; all of it. All the time the doctors were setting my limb this verse has been in my mind :

" 'In God I have found a retreat
Where I can securely abide,
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to abide.

" 'Oh! what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings,
I am safe from all danger
When under His wings.' "

In the early part of the night a severe pain in the back came on, increasing in intensity toward morning, but not one murmur escaped him. The surgeon arranged his limb more comfortably, and remarked: "Now, sir, can you be patient and lie

still for six weeks?" "Oh, yes, if it is necessary," was the quiet reply. Soon after this he fell into what seemed to his family a deep sleep. It proved to be the early stages of the coma, which became before night profound. His son succeeded in arousing him sufficiently in the evening to get his signature to a check, but so lamely that it could hardly be recognized. As he finished it he said, "Rob, it is all right." These were his last words.

About midnight tetanus set in, and although he lingered four days longer, there was no evidence of any consciousness. "Without the pain of parting from his loved ones, the spirit, released from the trammels of flesh, was ushered into the presence of its Lord, and those who went with him to the river's brink could almost hear the rapturous cry, 'Rabboni,' as he entered the presence of Him whom he had so loved on earth." A friend remarked, "Just to think what it must have been for him to see his Saviour face to face; just to think of the fulness of his joy! He so fully confessed his Lord before men, that now he is receiving the fulfilment of the promise, that such He 'will confess before His Father and the holy angels.' How sweet to be ushered into heaven as the friend of the Lord Jesus, redeemed by His blood, kept by His power!"

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from Thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

Robert Lindley Murray died August 31st, 1874, in his fiftieth year, leaving six children—Robert I., Charles Taber, Anna Taber, Elizabeth Colden, Frances King, and Augustus Taber Murray.

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